

BAD ATTITUDE

Volume 8 Number 5 Lesbian Erotic Fiction 6 Dollars



Enemas

Piercings

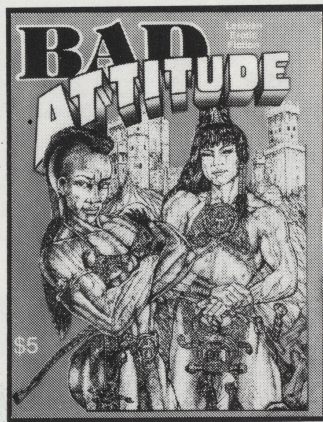
Lesbians who
don't like Sex

The
Toronto Trial

and more
Hot Fiction



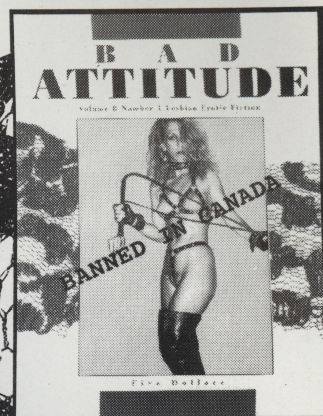
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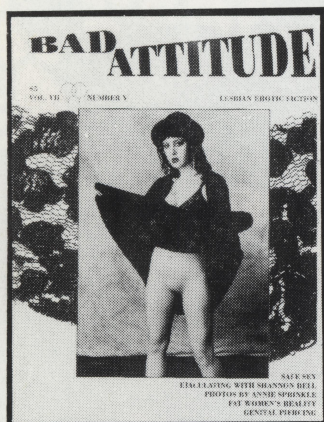
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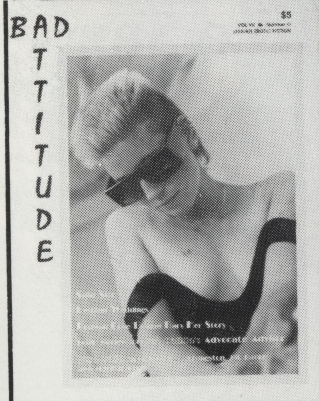


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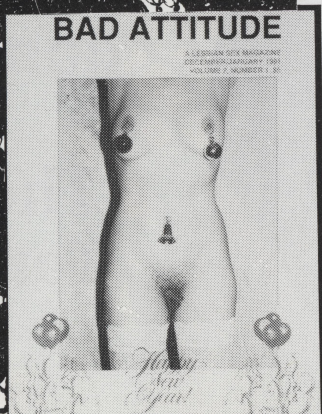


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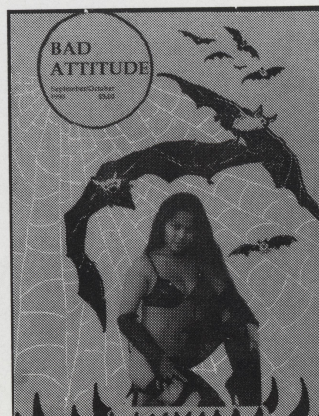
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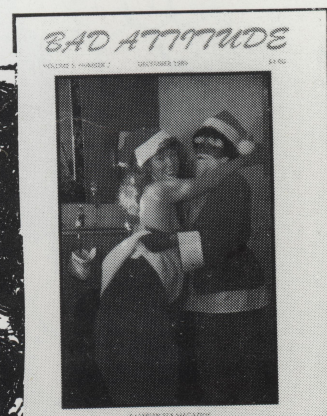
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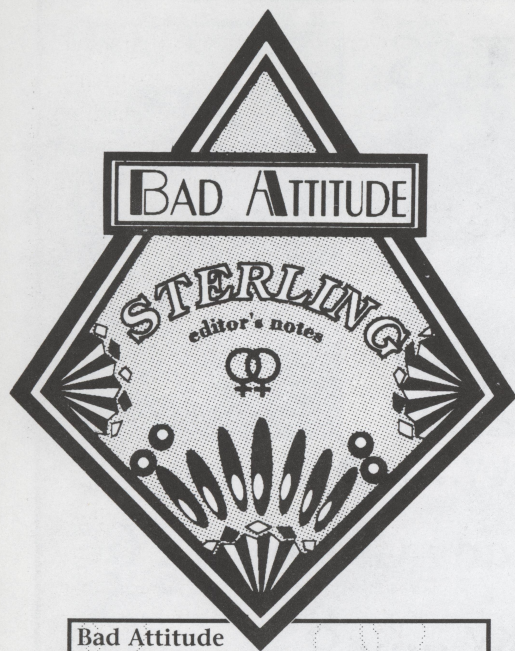
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Bad Attitude
Vol. VIII Number 5

This magazine is called *Bad Attitude* because that's what women who take their sexuality into their own hands (so to speak) are told they have.

Jasmine Sterling ... Publisher
Michelle ... Art Director

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Bad Attitude
P. O. Box 390110
Cambridge, MA 02139

Subscriptions: \$30/year (6 issues) for individuals, and \$45 for institutions and overseas subscriptions. Single copies and back issues are \$6 each.

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Front cover photo by J. Purvis
Back cover photo by China
Contents photo by J. Purvis

LESBIANS WHO DON'T LIKE SEX

This must seem a strange subject for the editorial of a lesbian sex magazine, but believe it or not some of us don't like sex. People such as myself tend to overlook this fact. Some lesbians "crave a loving, affectionate non-sexual relationship." Others prefer to put their energy into spiritual work—they may even call themselves celibate choosing to do so for religious reasons. AIDS is a very good reason nowadays for not liking sex. Other women enjoy and effectively transfer their sexual energy into sports such as working out, jogging or dancing. Still other women use their sexual energy in artistic ways—they pour their passion into writing, drawing, painting, or music. These women may not like sex, but most of them want relationships. Some of these women will stay together 10 to 20 years without having sex. I've heard the story of a butch women who loved a women dearly—gave her everything and took her all over the world. However, she would not go beyond kissing her face. This was extremely frustrating for the femme. I know of two women who grew up at the beginning of this century. They loved one another like sisters and were inseparable. Though they both married men they ended up living together after the deaths of their husbands. Their love for one another was so pure that sex would have spoiled it. Some women believe this.

Then there are women who start out in their relationships having sex but the dreaded "Lesbian Bed Death" STRIKES! Aren't we all afraid of Lesbian Bed Death? Yet many lesbian couples stay together even after they stop having sex. Why? Possibly because the emotional bonds between the women are intensely powerful.

I for one respect such emotional bonds between lovers, but I need to feel that my lover is more than my roommate or best friend. I guess I'm just a hedonist and need to enjoy my physical body as well as my emotions in the realm of love. Therefore I respect your right not to want or have sex. However, I for one agree with Annie Sprinkle who feels there's just too many reasons to have sex! So to all of you who like sex—enjoy this latest issue of *Bad Attitude* and to those of you who don't like sex, be forewarned—don't go beyond this page because I don't want to be responsible.

Dear *Bad Attitude*,

My daddy and I couldn't help but write in response to "The Urge Toward Jo" (*BA* Vol. 8 #3). Marilyn Jaye did a "wet" job capturing the essence of the woman's passion for young girls, and vice versa. You will probably get letters bitching about the story, let us tell you we loved it, especially my daddy.

From the third grade on, she regularly had sex with older girls. Complete sex—she was finger fucked, dildo-fucked, eaten and she ate out older girls. By the time she was 14, she was fisting her adult lovers—she says she has always had a hand perfectly made for a woman's cunt; right now, primarily mine.

What makes more sense than a woman or experienced teenage girl teaching a young girl about sex, and showing her what it is about? God, boys certainly don't know how to give sex to girls. The young girl may not end up gay, but at the same time she probably will if it is a good experience for her.

My daddy and I are in a business which provides us close contact—both group and individual—with young girls. She has encouraged me to be open to the possibility of developing a relationship with one of the girls. Imagine the timing of your publication. At the present time one of the young girls—a 12 year old—has a full-blown crush on me. She makes me warm all over and wet... We have dressed and undressed together, enabling her to see me nude. We've kissed twice, both times we were alone with each other I couldn't wait to get to daddy to tell her about Dion and for us to fuck. Daddy has since talked to her, encouraging her to act on her feelings for me. We decided that Dion should make the next move, so I am now waiting for her next opportunity.

Daddy gets off on my affairs, and she is desirous of my possibly being with Dion.

Jenny is a lucky girl. Any girl who figures herself out at a young age—she is a hell of a lot better off. And think of all the fun she can have.

Great urge story.

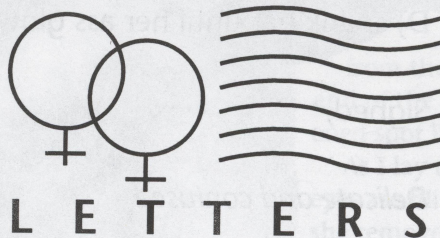
M and T, Memphis

Dear *Bad Attitude*,

"What We Do" by Laura Federico (*BA* Vol. 8 #3) was totally exciting, defiant and seductive. That a daughter would want to give it up to her mother this way is exciting.

I still live with my mother, divorced and celibate, who wants to know every detail

BAD ATTITUDE



of my sex life. She wants me to bring them to my bedroom, rather than me sleep over at their place. She wants to see us, watch us kiss and make out, see them nude, flirt with them, and she loves to walk in on us "accidentally" and find us fucking. Undoubtedly she masturbates over these experiences to maintain her sanity.

My mother most certainly is a want-to-be, but she just can't break loose from her religious upbringing. Consequently, she lives vicariously thru me. I have been thinking recently, since reading this article, about getting a friend of mine who is mother's favorite, and situating it so we can have a threesome. For you see, I have been fantasizing about what it would be like to have my mother in bed and especially to go down on her. What a scene!

D. N., Columbus, MS

Dear Jasmine/*Bad Attitude*

You ask, "Is it pornography to enjoy and express your desires?" Yes, of course it is. That's the point!

No women's bookshop in England will carry *Bad Attitude*, *On Our Backs*, *Quim* or Della Grace's *Love Bites* and Gay's the Word won't carry them either. Thanks to anti-pornography feminism, we have to smuggle in each copy of *Bad Attitude* whenever one of us takes a trip to the States. Why? They're pornography. Everyone knows it but you.

My dictionary defines "pornography" as: "writings, pictures, etc. intended primarily to sexually arouse." I'd say that definition fits *Bad Attitude* pretty well. That fact that you make pornography that is intended to sexually arouse other women doesn't mean you can weasel your way around it by pretending that you make something else— "erotica," maybe? No way. You make pornography and the people who busted your mag knew it, even if you don't.

Ever since modern feminists have started campaigning to outlaw "degrading" pornography, other feminists—like us—have been saying, "They'll go after us first, you just wait and see." We weren't surprised when the so-called "feminist" Canadian law was used against both a gay shop and *Bad Attitude*; it was just another case in which we had to say, "We told you so."

What does surprise us is that you thought you could naively support a law like this and not expect to get burned by it. Woman, where have you been? Have you listened to the "feminist" anti-pornography rhetoric? Most of it refers to SM materials, misrepresenting it as "violence" every step of the way. Most of it pretends that all pornography, whoever it is for and whatever it's actual content, is mostly SM: "a catalogue of butchery." And the principal anti-pornography campaigners in the feminist movement have made abundantly clear that all SM is violent and degrading, and that this quite specifically includes lesbian magazines such as *Bad Attitude*, *On Our Backs*, *Quim*, etc.

Everyone knows that the word "pornography" means recreational sexual material. The people who make and sell pornography know that it must contain sexual portrayals, although it need contain nothing else (not violence, degradation, nor even sexism) in order to be legitimately sold as "pornography." The traditional anti-porn campaigner on the right have always been quite explicit that sexism does not offend them. When they talk about "pornography," they mean sexual material. It's the sex they object to.

When you listen to feminist anti-porn campaigners, it is clear that they mean the same damn thing; it's the idea that women might actually like to do this stuff—fucking, oral sex, SM/Bondage/ Sub & Dom, look-

ing, being watched, fetishism, water sports, etc., or any sex "outside of a loving relationship"—that bugs the hell out of them. They say that women don't like to do those things, and that by portraying women as being willing to act in this way, pornography "misrepresents and degrades" women. That's bullshit and you know it.

Sure, there's a lot of crap porn out there, and some of the crappiest is SM stuff that's been made by vanilla men who think they can appeal to the SM market. Your porn is better than that, but it's still porn. You quickly realize that the difference between "pornography" and "Erotica" is that the latter costs more money and is more likely to appeal to middle-class, rather than working-class, tastes. Or as someone once phrased it, "Erotica—that's pornography where they drink wine afterwards." Trust me, most of the people who try to make the distinction will class your mag with the nasty, degrading, ugly old porn.

You can't expect censorship to "provide some protection for women and children"—it never has, and it never will. We already have laws against raping women and children; our problem isn't making new laws, it's enforcing the ones we've got. That's difficult, because the anti-sexual and anti-woman attitudes that are part and parcel of conservative sexual values are so pervasive that too many people still think you have to be a five-year old virgin for rape to harm you. Those attitudes do not come from porn.

If you are going to support laws that empower the police and the courts to decide what we can say and see, you've gotten just what you asked for.

When everyone else talks about violent, degrading pornography, they are talking about you. Didn't you read those articles on pages 4 & 5 (BA Vol. 8 #3) before you printed them?

Love in struggle, Avedon Carol
Feminists Against Censorship

G I R L T A L K

Question:

If an underage blond is making moves on my partner, should I

- A) rip her heart out
- B) rip her eyes out
- C) rip her hair out
- D) spank her until her ass glows in the dark?

Signed,

Delicate and confused

Answer:

Let's look at the first two options. If you rip her heart out that constitutes murder and mutilation; you'll do some serious jail time. Besides, while you're in jail your lover will run off with someone else anyway. If you rip her eyes out that is assault and mutilation and again you're looking at jail time. Your girlfriend may fall for her even more out of guilt or pity that she caused the whole mess.

Ripping her hair out could make for interesting scene. You could place her in standing or sitting stocks that lock around her neck and pluck all of her hair out strand by strand while lecturing her on the pitfalls of chasing older "married" women. Then again baldness can be quite chic, your lover may find her even more appealing despite the bandages.

I like the last option. Next time you catch her flirting with your lover take her over your knee in front of your lover. Give her a sound spanking until her butt is on fire. Make sure you humiliate her real well—call her a baby. Afterwards rub her bottom with oil to soothe it and powder her with baby powder. Then use duct tape to tape her into baby diapers. Make certain you put sand paper in the diapers. Send her home in the baby diapers. This should sufficiently humiliate her. She won't be around anytime soon. If she is stupid enough to do so—use a paddle next time. It is unlikely your lover will find her appealing in a baby diaper. But who knows...

THE CUTTING EDGE

SUSAN A.



My mistress is blonde, and leaves her supple breasts partially exposed beneath a billowing white shirt. Soon she shall present me to The Cutter. We have come here so that My Mistress may learn this ancient art form of body adornment.

The room is windowless and dark except for eight candles encircling the alter. The alter is draped with webbed designed white lace. The air close and fragrant

from the aroma of blood red roses placed at each end of the alter. The only other visible object a darkened spot light here for the use of The Cutter.

As I lay upon the alter bound hand and foot, my eyes are filled with the beauty of My Mistress. Slowly she removes her blade from its sheath. She uses it to free me from my outer clothing. One hand caresses one restrained breast, while she strokes my exposed flesh with the blunt edge of her blade. She continues stroking and anoints my body with oil.

The Cutter enters, the air electrified by her presence. She towers above me dressed in black. She removes a red leather jacket. I see lace between full straining breasts. My eyes travel downward; eagles circle her waist. She watches me as she removes her boots; each lace seeming to uncoil with the slowness of a sun-baked rattler. She steps out of her jeans and once again she is in full view. I see the lace continues down the gently curved plane of her belly. It disappears where long muscular legs begin. The silver blade is reflected in dark shining eyes, as she turns on the spotlight. The Cutter takes her position and prepares my flesh. I feel only the hot dampness of my own blood, as she makes her first cut of her web design.

My Mistress croons in my ear, telling me of other places we shall travel. My mind ceases to function as I lie here empowered by My Mistress. I am totally at her disposal... here for Her knowledge and pleasure. My Mistress continues over-loading my physical senses. As her vessel, I take my first journey into an unknown realm.

Our spirits mingle and we three become as one, for a single moment in this life-time. As The Cutter withdraws, My Mistress' voice calls me back from the webbed corners of my mind. She praises me, telling me how I have served her well, and of the great pleasure I have bestowed upon her this day. Once again she moves into my view. Her shirt is gone and she is removing the lace that traps the hard and inflamed nipples. She strokes The Cutters design with each nipple in turn. Now My Mistress begins using her strong hands to transfer her power and strength to my flesh. Her excitement fills me from within, as I begin my personal journey to satiation!!!



PHOTO BY DIVAS

NOTES *OF A* feminist SADOMASOCHIST

LADY GREEN

First, some background. I'm 37 years old, which means I grew up in the era when whether or not you left the hair on your legs meant something. I've had an abortion, been married, divorced, raised two tough-minded children. I've worked for men who knew less than I did, and been fired by them. I've been called all the names that women who demand what they want get called. By almost anyone's definition, I'm a feminist. I am also a practicing sado-masochist.

Does that mean what you think it does? Well, if you're picturing leather, whips, blood and chains,

you're right. If you're picturing tenderness, sensuality, moments of primal emotion, interludes of astonishing intimacy, you're right again. I've gotten deep satisfaction from scenes with my lover that wouldn't raise an eyebrow (well, not too much) in the Bush household. I've also attended parties where the air sizzles with sweat and screams, where every person in the room is torturing or being tortured.

I love what I do. I think it's one of the highest achievements of the human body and spirit. I'm going to tell you why—and then I'll tell you why I'm so profoundly offended by

my feminist sisters and brothers who'd love to label me and those like me "tools of the patriarchy."

Ever watched Rover and Fluffy making it? Then you've seen for yourself that dominance and submission are essential components of animal sexuality. Rover's been programmed deep in his doggy genes to overpower his mate, grab the scruff of her neck and hang on tight. If you tried to make him caress her tenderly and respectfully, neither one of them would function sexually.

(Am I implying that only male domination over females is "natural?" Nope: If Spot comes along and overpowers Rover, he in turn will respond with sexual submission. My point is that most forms of mammalian sexuality are inextricably intertwined with primal, ritualized behaviors of dominance and submission.)

Rover and I are alike in a lot of ways. One of them is that we're genetically programmed to respond sexually in certain situations that make us feel dominant or submissive. We differ,

though, in that he has no choice in the matter and I do. My instincts aren't in charge of my behaviors, at least not in this area. Instead, I choose my sexual behavior. The instincts that are so irresistible to my pooch are, to me, material for safe, negotiated, and very exciting voluntary sexual behavior.

It's no coincidence that SM folk call what we do "play." Just as children's play incorporates the human drives toward aggression, nurturing, creativity and so on, bringing them down to manageable, not-too-frightening level appropriate for children, my SM play gives me a safe way to

explore inborn drives toward sexual dominance and submission without being manipulated or overwhelmed by them.

Anti-SM feminists—and their sisters and brothers, the anti-porn feminists—are swimming against a strong genetic current. Domination is hot. Submission is hot. Pretend they don't exist and you get tepid sex.

I believe that doing SM, either as a dominant or as a submissive, is a profoundly feminist act. Here are just a few reasons why.

1 SM is revolutionary. Within the context of SM, I've learned that power and powerlessness, control and helplessness are a temporary, negotiated, consensual dance. Tomorrow, you and your boss will "do a scene" in which you will follow her orders within certain pre-negotiated limits, and in exchange she will give you a pre-negotiated sum of money. The next day, you may negotiate a different set of roles—and your boss won't necessarily be the "top." Bosses, understandably, are not wild about SM people.

2 SM is heroic. Virtually every recent mental health movement, from est through 12-step and beyond, struggles to teach its adherents that they are responsible for their own choices. Sadomasochists understand this concept at pure gut level: The knife's edge where resistance meets capitulation is the balancing point of many a hot SM scene. Short of reducing your mental functioning to a sub-human level, nobody can "make" you do something—they can only increase the incentive to do it. Even in the real world, with its sordid history of nonconsensual abuse, the torturer and the blackmailer can only up the ante; they can't eliminate your choices. This concept is at the heart of all heroic action.

3 SM is honest. When I first began practicing SM, one of the most difficult challenges I faced was figuring out what I wanted well enough to instruct my partner how to give it to me. Most people never have to figure out exactly what they want, much less describe it accurately enough to negotiate a scene. The people I've met in the SM community have learned this lesson well and are thus, almost without exception, breathtakingly honest (with themselves as well as others). You rarely encounter

sneakiness, manipulation, or hidden agendas. Our communication skills are all that stands between a mutually rewarding and exciting scene and a physically dangerous or emotionally devastating disaster—you bet we're good communicators.

4 SM is art. Aristotle stated that the purpose of art was "to evoke pity and terror." Within the context of the SM scene, the submissive expects to approach the extremes of emotions like terror, pain, humiliation, arousal, and awe; the dominant experiences pity, power, tenderness, arousal and empathy. Most people have to go to a theater or museum to see (or, if they're lucky and empathetic, experience) emotions like these. I have turned my sexuality into art—I can experience pity, terror and more every time I play, within the context of a loving interpersonal interaction. And I can choose whether or not to participate in SM, just as in art, as I please.

5 SM is choice. You'll excuse me if I seem a little hostile as I discuss this. How dare someone espouse my right to choose whom I love and then deny me my right to choose how I love them? (I understand that whipping someone may not look like loving them to you—but vanilla sex under the blankets, with lights off, without speaking, doesn't look much like loving to me.) Even if you believe that SM is "acting out patriarchal values," "reliving old child-abuse traumas," or whatever your particular politically correct catch-phrase may be—can you tell me a safer, more rewarding, more intimate way to work on those issues? I choose to explore my interior landscape in a dungeon rather than on a couch, with a partner who cares for me rather than an impersonal professional. I choose to negotiate my partner's and my desires, limits and concerns ahead of time. I choose that my partner and I will both receive profound-

ly intimate contact and tremendous sexual arousal from the interaction. I feel extraordinarily fortunate to have the opportunity to make those choices. So you'll pardon me for getting a little testy when someone who ought to know better denigrates my choices as "patriarchal," "exploitive" or "sick."

Perhaps you've read this far thinking that the behavior of perverts like me has nothing to do with you or your sex life. Before you turn the page, ask yourself—have you and your lover ever experimented with sex in which one of you remains entirely passive, while the other takes full responsibility for providing stimulation? Have you ever held your lover's hands down, or had yours held down, rendering you temporarily and consensually helpless? Have you ever taken pleasure in sexually stimulating your lover to the point where she loses control, while you remain in control? Then you've played with SM energy—and those who contend that sex should be egalitarian and respectful would love to

deprive you of a source of tremendous pleasure and stimulation.

You owe it to yourself, and to millions of people who are bravely exploring the leading edge of sexuality, to fight the forces of censorship, behavior control and invasion of privacy. Remember: These "feminists" believe that your desire to play with dominant or submissive energy cannot be a valid, meaningful choice. And if that's not patriarchal, what is?

“we’re genetically programmed to respond sexually in certain situations that make us feel dominant or submissive.”

Lady Green is the author of The Sexually Dominant Woman: A Workbook for Nervous beginners. For more information about the book, or about Lady Green's workshops for beginning dominant woman and female-dominant couples, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to 3182 Campus Drive #357, San Mateo, CA 94403

OVER

THE

EDGE

ILENE KADESKY

“

Harder...

deeper...

faster...

**I fucked her
cunt as I forced
two fingers up
her tight little
asshole.**

I didn't want to hurt her. Really, I didn't. All I had in mind was a little light bondage and some very hot sex. But as my desire grew...my passion became her pain.

She lay there...her beautiful green eyes staring at the handcuffs I held beckoning me to her., I stretched her arms above her head and locked them in place...gently. I then took 2 clothespins and snapped them tightly onto her nipples, as I heard her first soft moan.

And then it happened.

Something about her lying there, handcuffed, set me on fire. I wanted to hurt her...to take her beyond any experience she had ever known. And as I looked down I could see her fear. But beyond the fear I saw how badly she wanted to be hurt, to scream in pain, to try to break free but knowing all she wanted was to STAY.

"Don't move you fucking slut! I'm going to do everything to you...and you're going to just lay there and take it. Do you understand?" Her lips trembling, she nodded slowly, now afraid to speak. I grabbed the clothespins, pulling them, twisting them, torturing her nipples. "You will do exactly as I say and you will not resist me! This is for my pleasure—not yours."

I spread her legs apart and just stared at her beautiful shaved pussy...her cream dripping from it. She arched her hips, hoping my tongue would bury itself inside her. Instead, I flipped her onto her stomach. "Listen whore...you don't move unless I tell you to. Is that so hard to understand?! Well maybe you need a little 'reminder' huh?"

I unclasped my belt and wrapped it around my hand...the remainder dangling across her ass. Instantly I whipped her hard...seeing the red welts rise up on her ass. She tried without success to get away. I grabbed a handful of her hair and whipped her over and over again. "You will not move!! Don't make me have to tell you again."

I felt my pussy throbbing with excitement as I moved to stand above her. She was helpless and in pain, my only question was which one of us was enjoying it more...

I undressed slowly... knowing how hungry she was for me. I slipped on the strap-on belt and chose one of the largest dildos I could find. "Get on your hands and knees bitch." Watching her struggle with the handcuffs restricting her made me laugh. A long cruel laugh that humbled her beyond submission. I teased her, holding the tip of it on her clit, raking my nails down her back. "You want it, don't you SLUT?! "Yes, yes...I'm yours...do anything that pleases you. I surrender..."

So I shoved that big cock up inside her sopping wet pussy. Pumping in and out...grabbing her hips and banging her ass against me.

"Take it you fucking whore...take it..."

Harder...deeper...faster...I fucked her cunt as I forced two fingers up her tight little asshole. "Oh god...oh yea...oh Ilene...please don't stop...please...I'm so close...oh yes...fuck me up the ass...please, I beg you."

Quickly I pulled out of her pussy... changing to a slightly smaller dildo and coating it with lubricant. "Go slow...go slow...please..."

"I'll go as fast as I want to, whore."

She whimpered as I entered her...softly crying it seemed. But I didn't care...it only made me want to hurt her more.

So on I went, stroking that cock up her ass...long, deep thrusts that drove her over the edge.

"Yes, Ilene...oh yes...I'm going to come for you...oh yes...oh yes...ohh-hhh...ohhhh...ohhh..."

I pulled out and took off the belt. I then reached down, unlocked her handcuffs and laid on the floor next to her...exhausted and completely satisfied.

I pulled her towards me, laying her head on my chest. We held each other close and no words were spoken. But deep inside me, I knew that what we just shared was far more than sex. It was passion, pain, caring, and submission.

It was love.



New Ladies, Clarice and Me

RACHEL HEATH

My relationships have been checkered. See, I get excited by newness, my sexual desire dries up on the familiar.

So...My life's been lot of scream fests, furniture tossed around, clothes torn up, that bullshit. But a lot of fun, too, at least when I was young and enjoyed something of a reputation as a dyke Casanova.

But I'm not young anymore. I retired three years ago. You need a relationship when you're older, you crave security, that comfort, that everyday companionship. Especially when you're not working, the days drag and the nights are so lonely.

On the other hand, I can't see myself in the kind of lezzie marriage so many have—the Lesbian Bed Death syndrome where you might as well be roommates. I'm old but I'm horny. You know, like good wine.

I tried an "open" relationship a few years ago. Millie said she "believed" in open love but then for a week afterward we'd be getting into big fights over little things, both of us screaming and swearing but it was really about the other lady.

When it was Millie who was seeing another woman, I was so down I couldn't stand it. I kept thinking "Aren't I good enough?" and "I wonder if she's going to like it better?" I didn't want to have sex with Millie. I didn't want to do much of anything.

PHOTOS BY MANDY



So that went squash.

Then me and Clarice met at the Paleo-Lesbo Club. Hit it off right away, she was a lifelong queer, retired loan officer for a bank. Clarice is plump, big breasts (I'm kind of a "tit woman") big waves of auburn hair. She's got a heart shaped, very expressive face with large blue eyes.

We decided to live together after a few months of dates and weekends.

Discussing our sexual fantasies after a talk show on the subject, Clarice startled me when she said she'd actually done B&D, not just thought about it.

"That's sick stuff, isn't it?" I asked uncertainly.

She laughed. "Some people think so but a lot of people still think lesbians are perverted. You know, we hate men, want to be men, are narcissistic—"

"Shut up," I said lightly.

"Seriously, though, Jane, maybe it is what people mean by perverted but I do it to add spice to sex. Private theater for horny folks."

That led to a very lengthy discussion broken up over several days. Like I explained to Clarice, I'd always had these fantasies about spanking but I wasn't sure I wanted to try it.

Anyway, we did agree on a couple of safe-words just in case we did a spanking scene sometime.



I met Jesse at the church where she is the minister. She isn't a hypocrite, you understand. Clarice and I go to a liberal, seek-the-truth-from-all-sources church. Jesse's sermons are mostly about justice and togetherness, the meaning of personhood vs. the confinement of stereotypes.



Jesse wears her silver hair in a longish shag. A lot of jewelry, lambda symbols and woman symbols. Olive-complexioned with warm brown eyes, slim and flat-chested. Not my favorite type but I was instantly attracted to her.

She doesn't have a "companion"—(she uses that word instead of lover; however enlightened, she's still a minister).

When we met at her place she had on dark blue jeans and a Virginia Woolf T-shirt. I got her out of them quick. She left the jewelry on, glittering against her creased brown skin while we made love. New ladies. I just can't resist.

I had the strangest excited-scared-excited feeling. I would tell Clarice. I didn't want to "get caught." Or I wanted to get it over with. To find out one way or another whether we'd stay together

after an infidelity of mine. And about the other thing, too.

Spanking. What a strange...

How could you like...?

When I confessed my tryst to Clarice, she frowned, smiled, frowned, then smiled devilishly and licked her lips. She drew her shoulders up, the stand-up straight of tra-

ditional strictness, causing her big breasts to jut out like a shelf and said, "Haven't you been a bad girl? Unfaithful?"

"Yeah," I fell into the scene shyly.

"You just can't control yourself, can you?" Her hands were on her hips and her sparkling blue eyes narrowed.

I shook my head and whispered, "No."

"You were unfaithful to me, huh?" She raised an accusing eyebrow and those breasts I adored seemed to quiver with indignation.

I nodded.

"A cheater! A horny little cheater!"

I giggled self-consciously.

"Stop! Are you laughing at me?"

she asked menacingly.

"Oh no," I said.

"And right after you've cheated on me, too! Haven't you been bad, Jane?" she asked, shaking her index finger.

"I guess so."

"I know so. And you deserve a spanking. Right on your bare bottom," she declared.

I said nothing, but my face warmed with embarrassment.

"Come here, Jane. Lie here across my knees."

I hesitated but then moved closer and I let Clarice pull me across her lap.

"Now lift your skirt up. And pull your panties down. I said your bare bottom, you know."

I pulled my skirt up. My hands went around my panties but I couldn't pull them down.

"Pull your panties down, you bad girl," Clarice said, but her voice was soft despite the testy words.

I lowered my underpants, exposing my bottom. Suddenly aware of the foolishness of my childlike position, humiliation flowed over me in a warm, red wave.

"What a lovely ass you have, Jane," Clarice said. "So round and smooth and white." Very lightly and very gently she caressed my taut buttocks with her fingertips. "Just like a baby's, the skin is so tender! And so unprotected and naked. What a wonderful bottom to punish."

My face went hot with embarrassment. Despite my tension, I felt a stirring and moistening in my vagina that kept me from using a safe-word.

Clarice brought the palm of her hand down, slap. I jerked and gasped. Despite the expectation it was a surprise.

Again she slapped. "Oh," I whispered. pause.

Slap, "ouch!" pause, slap, "Ohhh!" pause.

Slap. "Oh!" I exclaimed, squirming my hips. "It hurts!"

Clarice slapped again, harder. The hard swats came down fast as I "ouched" and "ohhh."

I pressed my inner thighs together, sharply aware of the stinging slaps as well as the pulse in my sex. I started

grinding my hips like I do when I'm masturbating or making love.

Clarice stopped spanking. "Your butt must sting, doesn't it?" she asked maliciously. After a pause she said: "Answer me when I speak to you, darling."

"Uh...y-yes," I replied.

"It sure is nice and pink," she observed.

I was wondering if the spanking was over when she said with relish: "Now, I think I'll make it red. You're ready for a good session with the wooden paddle."

"Ahh..." I gasped.

"Do you have any objection? Don't you think you deserve a thorough punishment after two-timing your faithful lover?"

I recalled the safe-words. No, I decided, at least not yet. "Well?" she asked impatiently.

"Yes," I said in a shrill whisper.

"It so happens I've got the paddle in the bottom left drawer of my desk. It's on top of the papers and stuff so you can't say you didn't find it, my naughty girl. Now go fetch the paddle for me, Jane."

I got to my feet and turned toward the desk.

"Wait!" Clarice tugged at my arm. "On your hands and knees, sweet-

heart. Crawl to get the paddle. And when you get it, bring it to me in your mouth."

I got down on all fours like a baby. I crawled on the thick carpet, my panties still down around my thighs and the weird excitement like electricity inside me.



"Don't let your skirt fall over your beautiful bottom," Clarice cried. "Pull it up so I can see your butt."

I pulled the skirt up out of the way so my ass was exposed. I crawled to Clarice's desk and opened the drawer. Sure enough: a round wooden paddle. I put it between my teeth and turned around awkwardly. My skirt slipped and I pulled it up over my waist again.

Clarice snickered. "Atta girl! You're learning, you little devil!"

I crawled back to Clarice who took the paddle out of my mouth and said, "Now kiss it to give it luck."

I kissed the paddle. I noticed I left a tiny dot of pink lipstick. Then I put myself back across Clarice's knees.

"Oh, your bottom is so pretty! Especially with that pretty pink blush. Why your cheeks remind of a virgin on her first date." She paused before bringing the paddle down.

I hissed through my teeth, for though the swat wasn't hard, wood has a special bite.

Swat.

"Ouch!" I cried. That swat was hard.

Swat.

"Oww!" I squirmed automatically.

"It stings, doesn't it?" Clarice asked, bringing the paddle down harder.

"Yes! Ow!"





"Well, it's supposed to. It wouldn't be much of a punishment if it didn't. But anyway, Jane, I want you to take your medicine like a woman, not like a spoiled child."

"Huh?"

"Stop wriggling! Lie still so I can see my pretty target."

Swat. "Oh!" Swat. "Oooo!"

I tried to make myself keep still. I remembered the safe-word again but instead I said: "Oh!...Oh!...oh, Clarice, isn't that enough? Isn't it enough punishment, please?"

She paused. "Not quite, little two-timer," she said. "But I'll tell you what. Only ten more swats."

"Ok," I agreed with relief.

Under one condition, sweetheart."

I craned my neck around. My clit was so hard it ached. "What's that?"

"You have to give me your bottom for each swat."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you must relax the muscles in your ass. If your muscles are tense the swat doesn't sting as much and you're not completely submitting to it, so that swat won't count. I'll only count a swat delivered to a soft, relaxed, completely submissive fanny."

I tried to relax the muscles in my bottom. "Like this?" I asked in a frail voice.

"Just like that." Swat.

"Ouch!"

"See what I mean?

That's One."

Swat.

"Oh!"

"Two." Swat.

"Ow!"

"That one doesn't count, we have to take it over again. Relax your cheeks now, Jane... I said relax."

"I'm trying," I said plaintively.

Swat. "Three. Only seven more to go. Relax those muscles, my dear cheater. They're not relaxed..."

Swat. "Ow!"

"Four." She paused so I'd have a second to soften my ass up. Swat.

"Five."

"Just like a baby's, the skin is so tender! And so unprotected and naked. What a wonderful bottom to punish."

"Ohhh..."

"Jane, you're trying my patience. We have to do that one again."

"Ohhhh..." I waited.

"You're not relaxed. If I spank you now it won't count."

"I..." My voice trailed off.

Swat. "Owww!"

"Five."

Swat. "Six." "Oh!"

Swat. "Ooo."

"Seven." "Oh!" "Only three more to go,"

Clarice said sweetly.

Swat. "Eight." "Oh!"

Swat. "Nine."

"Ouch!" Swat. "Ten!"

Clarice pronounced with satisfaction.

"There, you've had your comeuppance you naughty little

slut."

I rose up, onto the couch, moaning. She kissed me on the face, then on the mouth. We had a long French kiss during which Clarice easily slid a finger, then two fingers into my vagina.

"Ooo," she moaned, holding up her fishy-flavored slithery fingers. "You're wet, my little naughty one! Wet and—" she put the moist fingers into her mouth, sucked on them, then pulled them out—"Hot! Hot like a furnace. What a horny one, you must be, eh, Jane?"

I giggled and felt warm on my face, warm on my bottom, warm inside.

"Answer me when I speak to you," Clarice said in a velvety tone.

I looked down. My grin was big. "Yes."

Her fingers quickly slid back into me. We hugged and laughed. I was grinding my hips, moving my ass side-to-side, up and down, on her hand, coming soon and loud and wildly.

"Now I'll rub my pube on my well-punished lover," Clarice said. "Turn around. I want to make love to your beautiful red bottom. It deserves a different sort of attention now."

And it got it. Yes, indeed it did.

ENEMA DARLING

T. HOBGIN



I stand before you, wearing only high heels, sheer black stockings demi-bra, and a tight, black plug/spreader,* holding a rectal thermometer in my slender refined fingers. I order you to strip, lie across the bed and to spread your legs wide apart so that I can insert the thermometer through your sensitive anus and deep up into your warm rectum.

I'm looking straight at you and holding the thermometer firmly in your rectum while I reach behind my back with my free hand and unfasten my bra so that my magnificent 35D breasts can proudly ride up and out over your thirsty lips.

You watch my nipples lengthen, thicken and stiffen as I slowly screw the thermometer out of your rectum and announce that you will have to take a hot, full enema and that I will be the one who gives it to you.

You feel your mouth become dry and your heartbeat quicken as I, thrust my open vagina back and forth in your face, while discussing in detail the forthcoming nasty, thick barium enema.

I return to the bedside holding high a bulging, sweating three quart enema bag. I carefully lubricate the barium enema nozzle with Vaseline, place my warm left hand securely over your vulva and bring the tip of the enema nozzle in contact with your sensitive anus.

I rotate the head of the enema nozzle around your anal ring while you lie on your back on the edge of the bed with your legs spread as wide apart as possible, and your knees pulled back so that your vagina and anus are completely open and exposed.

Your clitoris thickens and stiffens as I skillfully work and screw the enema nozzle up, deep into your warm rectum, while I slowly rotate my palm against your clitoris and

continue the rhythmic thrusting of my open 'mouth' in front of you.

Your breathing becomes rapid and shallow as I gaze deeply into your eyes. I instruct you to breathe through your mouth. I release the tubing clamp causing the warm barium to gurgle, hesitate momentarily, then surge into your rectum in an endless stream.

You experience an uncontrollable need to take my long, dark, stiff nipples into your mouth and suck them hard; they hang down, pointing directly at you. The stream of barium runs through your rectum and fills your bowels.

I work your hot vulva with my palm. I rotate and thrust my open 'mouth' while the enema pressure builds in your stomach?

You plead for the long nipple. Your stomach is tight and distended with enema fluid, and the need to go to the toilet and to let it out is urgent.

You say, "Please, take it out!" "Please let me go to the toilet?" "I'll be good, I promise!" "You're so mean!" while you struggle to hold your enema.

You beg to suck my clitoris and open thrusting vagina, as I part your inner labia with my left thumb and forefinger, and expertly masturbate you with my right index finger.

You grunt as the warm barium churns and works in your full bowels and your grotesquely distended stomach and pelvis begin to raise and arch off the bed.

You groan and plead as the heat, pressure and erotic wave spreads. Your shining stomach arches high and your burning vagina and clitoris present themselves to your truly

* The plug/spreader is a very tight fitting, black latex bikini thong device. Attached to the back is a ribbed four inch long, tapered (one half inch at base) interchangeable

(solid or hollow enema) rectal plug. In the front a split, snap open feature which when first on and up tight hugs the medial edge of the outer labia, then when spread apart causes the entire outer and inner vaginal lips to be spread and pulled wide apart. This exposes the entire vaginal and clitoral area, and causing the vagina to look like an open 'mouth.' Once warm mineral oil or KY Jelly are applied to the anus and/or plug and to the vagina and/or clitoris, the Enematrix spontaneously begins a natural rotation of the pelvis, clamping of her buttocks around the plug and outward thrusting (rhythmic) of her vulva as she responds to the urge to work the plug in and out of her rectum and the need to satisfy her ever increasing 'appetite,' by filling her hot open 'mouth.' After wearing the plug/spreader for



beautiful, stiff-nippled, thrusting Enematrix.

Your rectum convulses and your clitoris and vagina explode as your body jerks with orgasm. I massage your tight belly and suck on your throbbing clitoris.

one half hour or more, I have often seen the woman convulse with orgasm when warm water is introduced into her rectum through the enema plug connected to a bag of fluid.

Q U A R T E R S

BL DOOLEY

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk.

I look up, watching two women move together as one. Neither of them wear any clothing. Their bodies mold together as they kiss, their hands caress each other from head to thigh, moving slowly; lingering when the other responds. One of the women moves with her mouth down the other's neck, tenderly trailing her tongue as she travels in the direction of her breasts.

I throw back my head taking in deep breaths. Closing my eyes, I unbutton my shirt and begin to rub my hands over my breasts. My nipples have become taut...erect. I open my eyes just in time to see her mouth moving, slowly, from one nipple to the other then back again. I hear moaning; thinking it is them, knowing it is me.

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk.

She is now kissing her stomach. My hand has become a mirror image of her mouth. Every place her mouth touches, my hand follows. I watch hypnotically, nothing could tear me away. It is the three of us, together.

Her mouth has reached the other woman's hair, her legs part to allow her tongue in. A flash of heat sears through me and I quickly unbutton my jeans. My fingers comb through my hair, searching downward. The two women strain toward each other, one holding the other's head to her while she rocks against her mouth. My fingers slide through my wetness as I stroke my clitoris in time with their rhythm. Low murmurs of moaning echo around me. We are all lost in desire. Each of us rapidly approaching that place where time becomes suspended and orgasm consumes us.

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk.

Their movements have increased in tempo, my fingers pick up the pace not wanting to be left behind. I watch knowing that she will be coming soon. Her body arches back, her breathing stops momentarily, then I hear her yell out in a cry of orgasmic pleasure. I know mine is close behind. My knees weaken, my body trembles and I fall back against the wall screaming, not caring who might hear.

I recover slowly, my body is still on fire. I think only of wanting more as I search frantically through my pants, but find nothing. I hear the video machine click off. I look up just in time to see the screen go blank, the two women disappear. I reach out, gently tracing over the screen with my fingers, saying good-bye to them. For I am finally...out of quarters.

“

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”

CLEANING OUT MY CLOSET: CROSS DRESSER

SHELLY ROBERTS

Your jaw would have dropped into your corsage too, if you'd been there.

We thought maybe she'd had a sex-change operation.

A.D. wore a dress to the dance!

I don't know AD all that well. We nod at each other at parties and board meetings. You know who she is. You have the same conversation with her each and every time you meet. You could push the tape recorder on the old conversation and the voice print would give you a word-for-word match.

"Hey."

"Hey."

"How's work?"

"Great."

(Meeting Version:)

"Fund Raising on the agenda, tonight?"

"What else?"

"(Party Version:) "I'd skip the herring and peanut butter hors d'oeuvres if I were you."

"Good thought."

AD isn't her real name. It's not even close. Not Anna Diane. Or Alice Denise. Not even a contraction of

Angel Darling left behind in some romantic aftermath. Rumor has it it's a moniker AD picked up in the Lesbian Wars from some drinkin' side-kicks, and that it really stands for "Absolute Dyke." It's all I've ever called her.

We're not like chest-to-chest chums or anything. But we know each other. We're so consistently at

the same functions that you can feel a difference in the room temperature if one of us is missing. But the thing of it is, even if she weren't in the room, with AD, you always knew who she would have been if she had showed up. A lesbian in pants. An absolute six-to-eight on the B side of the Butch to Femme scale.

Not a stereotype or anything. No jeans belted under beer belly. No

leather jacket and Harley hog listing to the port in the local lady's bar parking lot. Just Yuppie dressed to the nines. Dyke fashion. We could have called her DF, instead. A corporate type who always made drag seem like fashion. Or the other way around. Expensive. Tailored. Pleated wool pants. Silk Shirts. Blazers. Expensive, acceptable, aggressive Yuppie. Could fit in just fine at a client meeting or a committee meeting.

At the Holiday Dinner she wore a 3 piece man's suit. A real one. Shirt and tie. It was

New York fashion that particular forty seconds. So you could tell it wasn't about doing anybody's impersonation. Just AD unleashing her American Express card in the local Lord & Taylor in her wicked irony. Some faggot's idea of an underground Madonna joke. So AD figured she could do it too. And she could. She was one of the few of us who could

walk the edge of Fashion Plaza without either climbing into cliché or engendering dyke derision, and get away with it. But, of course, she always did it in pants.

Then she wore a dress to the dance.

What else can I tell you? Oh, of course. About the divorce. AD was suddenly single. So that must have had something to do with the makeover. Still, it didn't fully explain the dress. It wasn't something she just happened to find in the back of the closet saved for Congressional confirmation hearings or anything. Definitely not like anything you'd expect to see on Janet Reno.

It was red. And it made pheromones fly. Cut up to the knees, and down way below caution. It actually swirled. Everybody could see that AD had legs. And make-up Way Bandy could have happily claimed if he hadn't been dead. Something different about the hair. Perfume without the faintest evanescence of eau to Brut. And an electric smile in the on position, studied somewhere in the back pages of Penthouse. It made whole parts of normally immune people, suddenly pointy and hard. I've only seen it once before. A long, long time ago at an LA party in the so far back seventies when I'd only been out for mere minutes. Ellie was the butchiest lady I'd ever met in my six months of active observation while I waited for my initiator to give up living in Europe and come home. I had lots of time to watch and learn what it was that I was expected to be if I were planning to be a lesbian when I grew up. I watched Ellie. And the steady stream of ultra-eyelashed

“IT WAS RED.

AND IT MADE

PHEROMONES

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CAUTION.”

beauties she preferred to escort. She ranked right up there on the scale in the eight-nine's. She was lighting cigarettes left and right, opening doors, and dancing forwards till hell wouldn't have it.

Then Francoise strode in the door from Paris. "Butch" defined by Cary Grant and Natalie Barnie. A lady I'd read about in books I had to go into bad parts of town to buy. When she passed, your shoelaces sort of melted. So did Ellie's body language. Her hips widened. Breasts pushed a little outer. A little upper. Shoulders tilted and eyes did a perfect Lauren Bacall. She extracted a Marlboro from her pack, and offered it up for sacrifice to Fran-

coise's silver Dunhill. It was ritual dance between two old never-been lovers. A tease. An unfulfilled flirt. It's transformation took seconds. The shock of watching it lasted my lifetime. Then Francoise surged into the next room, and Ellie's body settled squarely back onto her solid hips, swagger restored. And I removed my jaw from my scotch glass.

It was the kind of transformation I thought of when I saw AD flow onto the dance floor in that dress. The red one. Cut above the knee and plunging open to all the possibilities.

Married ladies more than subtly escorted mates in the other direction on instinct. Out of harm's way just in

case. Women you knew who never acted that way, blushed deep into their cowboy shirts and drifted closer.

She had an amazing clothes-change operation.

And I began to wonder where I could get a dress like that. And if I wore it to a dance, whether my friends would be so surprised.

Shelly Roberts is the author of The Dyke Detector, How to Tell the Real Lesbians From Ordinary People, Paradigm Publishing.

PHOTOS BY JENNIFER GILLMOR





PHOTO BY JENNIFER GILLMOR

PLEASE, DADDY...

MICHELLE BANCROFT

Please, Daddy...

I need your help. because I cannot get to where I want without you. Will you help me? Will you go the distance with me? Because I have this need and you see, it is growing into a burning want. And I want so much...

Please, Daddy...

put on my collar and leash and lead me around like the bitch in heat I am. Make me sit up and beg for your honor of tonguing your asshole as you come in my well trained mouth...

Please, Daddy...

take me with your fist, working it deep into my cunt until you grasp my very soul. Let me watch the muscles in your arm undulate as you pump and witness the sweat form on your beautiful body. Make me cry as you finger my clit, forcing what I hold back from you, force me to cum...

Please, Daddy...

I want to feel your strong hands caressing my trembling body as I lie there, waiting for you to seal my fate. I want to feel your weight on top of me, your cock buried inside me. Our eyes lock as your hands encase my throat taking me to the edge. I want to trust you so much that I could die by those hands...

Please, Daddy...

lay me back with your rough hands secured in my hair as you push your beautiful cock into my unwilling ass. Make me tell you how much I love to have Daddy's big cock in my ass. Pump me hard as each thrust makes me even more your own...

Please, Daddy...

discipline me, make me lose the control I so desperately try to hold onto. Bend me over your lap as you push up my skirt and slowly pull down my panties. Make me stay in this position, humiliate me, spread me open as your friends watch. Grab my hair as you spank

me with the paddle I hate so much as the welts begin to form then send me to my room...

Please, Daddy...

I didn't mean to break that glass. Slap my face as I try to tell you I'm sorry for being such a bad girl. Make me clean up my mess on all fours as you stand over me to inspect my progress. Slap my face again since I dared to raise my head to look at you. Let me make it up to you by being allowed to polish your boots until they gleam...

Please, Daddy...

dress me up just the way you like me, in my plaid skirt, white socks and tennies, and white cotton blouse and take me to the park. Make me wear no panties. Whisper things to me that make me blush as you put

you plan to do to your little slut. Make me cry and scream your name in pain, in gratitude, in hatred, in love...

Please, Daddy...

blindfold me with my hands cuffed behind my back, my breasts as vulnerable as they can be. Mercilessly apply my nipple

me on the merry-go-round. Take me in the bushes and force me on all fours and tell me we're going to do what the doggies do...

Please, Daddy...

put on my shackles and secure me to the table with my ass high in the air. Allow me to feel your gloved hands move over my body as the charged energy and desire slowly spiral between us. Part my ass before my beating begins as you tell me what

PHOTOS BY JENNIFER GILLMOR

clips and leave me there wondering if you are ever coming back as I fearfully try to sense your presence in the room. As soon as I give up, let me feel the sizzling sting of our whip as you attack my breasts keeping the clips intact as you mark me...

Please, Daddy...

tell me what a slut, bitch, spoiled, fucking disgusting whore I am as I attempt to kiss your boots. Make me cry as the obscenities fly from your mouth. Grab my hair pulling me to my feet, yank my head back as you make me look into your eyes—where you know I cannot hide. Kiss me as you throw me up against the wall with your fingers ripping apart my dripping cunt and fuck me until I shudder my face buried deep in your neck...

Please, Daddy...

tuck me in bed and read my favorite bedtime story to me as you slide the covers down and pull up my nightie over my white cotton panties. Tell me not to tell anyone as your heavy hand pulls my panties aside as you begin to finger my private parts making me squirm. Tell me this will be our little secret...

Please, Daddy...

chain me down as you jack off just inches from me telling me how good your dick feels as you slide your hand up and down the hard shaft. Make me watch as you get closer and closer to coming. Make me tell you how much I need Daddy's dick crammed down my throat, how much I need you to cum in my mouth...

Please, Daddy...

bend me over and shackle my wrists to my ankles as you hiss in my

ear to remain still. Let me feel your cock sliding up and down my wetness teasing me until I begin to shake and cry from my frustration as I uncontrollably move in a useless attempt to get your dick inside me. Make me pay for this insolence as only you can...

Please, Daddy...

don't give up on me. I want to be the whore you use to satisfy the hunger you carry inside and the good little girl that you need. Beat that cocky, vain, arrogant brat out of me. Make me, my body know who I belong to and whose needs really come first. Let me serve you...

Please, Daddy...

hold me, cradle me in your protective arms, let me inhale your scent. Take me under the stars as we slowly begin to make love to each other and whisper in my ear how much you love your little girl...



The candles are lit, the music low and rhythmic, and I am in that dreamy state preceding sleep. I feel her aura filling the room. My eyes flutter open. She glides toward me, her reflection dancing with the flickering candles upon the walls.

She slowly removes her shirt as she sways to the music, each button seems to take an eternity. For the first time her torso is exposed to my hungry eyes. Her shoulders are square, arms well defined, hands strong,

jerks open the buttons in one strong swift movement. She steps out of them and into my bed.

She lays next to me stiff and apprehensive. I roll onto my side so that my eyes may better explore her entire nude body. She quivers with anticipation. Tentatively I allow my hands to explore, one hand circling her rippling belly, while the fingertips of the other stroke down her outer thigh and on her downy thrusting cunt. Cupping a breast with each hand, I massage firmly, which evokes moans

fore-fingers and thumbs apply pressure to her engorged nips, she sits upright, still cunt to cunt. This allows me to feast my eyes upon her excitement once again.

I release her nipples, grasping one firm ass-cheek in each hand, I guide her body upward, pausing at each breast, her juices flowing onto my erect nipples. I continue to move her upward until she is straddling my face. My nails rake the length of her muscular back. I use her ass-cheeks to spread her wide and accessible. My

VANILLA IGNITES

SUSAN A.

PHOTOS BY J. PURVIS

breasts taut and pointy with engorged and succulent nipples.

She perches upon the edge of my bed to remove her boots. I am inflamed and liquefied by the closeness and mere thought of touching her. Yet I find the tips of my fingers running along both sides of her spine. She stands to remove her jeans. A spasm overtakes my entire body. My impatience shows as she

deep within her throat. She flattens her body along mine, her eyes capturing and penetrating my soul. My lips nibble and nip along her shoulders and neck. Suddenly she grasps a handful of my hair, forcing my lips to hers, sucking my tongue into her waiting mouth, as if to swallow my entire being. My arms encircle her as I roll onto my back, we begin undulating motions with our hips. As my

tongue circling and then quickly thrusting into her liquid opening. She braces herself against the wall, with her hands. I nip at her labia, tongue flickering at her engorged clitoris. My hands once again move to hardened nipples, increasing pressure. I suck her clit into my mouth as if to swallow her whole, while my tongue is flicking its tip tenderly. She comes riding and bucking wildly,



screaming, she collapses upon me. Her lips seek mine as orgasmic spasms rack her entire body. We lay within each other's arms panting. I tremble with expectation.

Now I am the instrument and she the musician. She begins to play the antiquated apparatus. After the cadence of her breathing modulates, her mouth begins to trace the scars upon my belly, her tongue discovers each in turn. Her hands are busy massaging my ample breasts and taut nipples. She uses her skilled mouth

sates by taking both hardened nipples in hand, planting her mouth on my lips, she sucks me into her warmth. I ride the leg she has pushed against my liquid cunt. I become combustible.

I grasp her wrist and bring her hand to my mouth, lightly kissing her palm, then sucking her fingers into this orifice. Her tongue stops working my inflamed nipples to seek my mouth. Sucking lips with dueling tongues. I use her wrist to move her hand between her damp leg and my

ever deeper into me. I find my mouth sucking her tongue into me, while my sucking cunt and her fist find their own tempo.

My hands are full of her hair, which I use to remove her mouth from my breast. Her eyes are fixed upon mine as her expression changes. Her power is now total. Screaming, writhing, I beseech her to make me come. I move her mouth to my clitoris and as she sucks I thrust with such force that her fist meets cervix. With sucking mouth, flicking



and tongue along my flesh, working hardened nips sucking and biting. Using that experienced mouth ever upward, pausing to explore the hollow of my neck. Then she covers my moaning mouth with hers, and sucks deeply. The hunger within me begins. Hands investigate my thighs, nails raking flesh upward along the insides. Her hand moves toward my thrusting pelvic area. She compen-

oozing vagina. Her body stiffens, but i persist working her fingers inside me. This wonderfully passionate woman has never worn a velvet glove. I continue to guide her entire hand into my thrusting cunt.

I become motionless while breathlessly whispering instructions into her ear, which she follows without question. I again begin motion, using her leg to thrust against, forcing her

tongue, twisting fist, I am powerless as my orgasm begins. Vibrations come over me in waves as I ride, her expression of power complete as I scream her name. My body is overtaken by unrelenting spasms, extremities and insides taut, fist trapped. She collapses on my stiffened, sweat soaked quivering body. Waiting for the rigidity to subside, her hand still within my pulsing vagina!!!

I SUCK HER CLIT INTO

MY MOUTH

AS IF TO

SWALLOW HER

WHOLE, WHILE

MY TONGUE IS

LICKING ITS TIP

TENDERLY.





PHOTO BY JENNIFER GILLMOR

THE

SANDRA HAYES

We talked for three hours over the telephone and she laughed a lot, reminding me of Dara. This one liked to fish and camp, but refused to get dirty. Thirty-one, around the same age as Beth. I feel she's telling me the truth about her life. I hear so many stories. I think she's shorter than me, sure of the fleshy exposure of her breasts. They weren't hard to miss during our first conversation before the AA meeting. She refers to "shit happens" quite a bit and the "fuck" word. Did she call me honey?

She hinted that her dates had to be planned, confusing me. I told her it was too bad she couldn't get away from her husband long enough to go fishing or to a party. She said possibly she could "plan" to do this. She got off at ten-thirty Saturday and could "plan" to put in some overtime. Now



I'm not confused. I asked how long she could stay out. She said, "It depends." I feel wet, my mind racing ahead of our conversation.

We have a date to get cokes and take a ride somewhere. I hang up and go to bed with lustful thoughts in my head, thoughts of how much might be included in her hints. I toss back and forth in my bed, unable to sleep. And when I finally sleep, I peruse fantasies.

"You want to see my apartment?"

We'd driven for over an hour through city parks while talking and I had ran out of things to say as we parked in front of the building.

It's cooler than out here, anyway," I added when she hesitated.

We got out of her car and I waited as she locked the doors. It was a pretty quiet neighborhood except for a

few voices coming from the darkness behind one of the nearby houses.

"Let's go in the back way." I pointed vaguely down the drive that went past the back stoops.

"So no one will see me?" she laughed.

She laughed at everything. Was she as nervous as I?

"No use stirring up the neighbors," I said, following her up the three steps to my door.

My arm brushed her as I reached around to unlock the outer door.

"Mine's on the right."

The small entrance was unlit and slight rays of yellow light filtered through the door window from the stoop bulb. She moved sideways so I could

enter and shut the door. I fumbled for another key and reached around her again.

"It's certainly is safe," she whispered, her breath against my neck.

I didn't respond. The want for her surged through me and imprisoned my voice. She stepped into a totally darkened kitchen as I pushed the door shut behind me and turned the lock. The click noise sent a shiver up my spine.

"Dark in here," her voice still low.

I took advantage of familiar territory and moved until I faced her. My

hands pulled her to me until our lips touched. She pressed against me eagerly and I moaned. I was starved for her, kissing her cheek, her earlobe, her neck.

"I thought you were going to show me the apartment."

Her neck muscle vibrated against my tongue as she spoke. She shivered when I licked inside her ear, returned to an uncovered shoulder and sunk teeth gently into her flesh, tasting sweat. With my left hand I pulled hers from my neck and held it up in the air until we touched wood.

"This is my cabinet."

My right hand slid down behind her, squeezed her butt, pulling her loins to mine as I lowered her hand and felt cold porcelain.

"This is my sink," I gasped, once more diving into her mouth with my tongue.

I stepped backwards a few steps, not releasing her, and placed her hand against the metal next to us.

"This is my stove."

She put both hands to my shoulders as I squeezed her fleshiness again and we walked like attached twins until reaching the door. The bathroom was the same narrow length as the kitchen. Cool air blew from the overhead vent. The wall tiles felt like ice. I leaned backwards, pulling her even harder to me.

"Here's a tub...a toilet...a sink."

I punctuated each sentence with kisses as my fingers pulled her blouse from her skirt. The purse no longer hung from her shoulder and she giggled as I removed her blouse and tossed it into the tub. I could make out the whiteness of her bra against the shadow of her body. She stopped giggling as the bra followed the blouse and my mouth eagerly sucked a hardened nipple. Fingernails pinched into my upper arms as I whipped one nipple and then the other. Our short pants for air filled the small space with sound.

I punctuated each

sentence with kiss-

es as my fingers

pulled her blouse

from her skirt.

An eleven year relationship suddenly ended eight months earlier. Neon signs flashed within my brain:

"LUST... PILLAGE...

RAPE... SEX...." The

muscles of my body screamed at unseen restraints I now placed before them. I couldn't remember when Wanda and I stopped having sex. Sweat rolled down the hollow of my back and soaked into the shirt still tucked into my jeans. Panties were wet with my own juices. Without parting, we inched our bodies through the last doorway, where my lips released her tit.

"This is my combination dining room," I kissed a wet chin. "Living room," I licked her neck. "Bedroom," I choked, shuddered against her.

She told me on the phone she wouldn't get dirty. I couldn't recall what day I vacuumed. She'd just worked a twelve hour shift and I wanted to taste her. No one said anything, no one made the decision. We were on the carpet and I removed the rest of her clothing. She opened my shirt, unhooked my bra. I threw them aside, moving over her, kissing, sucking, biting, working downwards to glistening hairs covering her cunt.

I'd never had sex with a heavy woman. Even though I was heavy myself, Wanda was more petite. So were the others. It worked. She spread her thighs as I raised them over my shoulders until her heels dug into my back. I sniffed, stuck my tongue into

her wet heat. Her fingers buried into my hair, increasing pressure as I licked her.

Immediately my brain coiled backwards to a time when I was an animal amid mist covered ferns and I rooted deeper, buried my nose into moist fur. I ate of her, wanted to devour her, suck her inside where she'd forever join my wanting spirit. I heard a gargling sound come from somewhere above my head as her thighs pressed the sides of my head. I tunneled deeper, melting fingers into a thick rump, lifting her from the floor, smashing her into my mouth. Gargling turned into moans, then uncommunicative noises as I ravaged, lusted. Her thighs tightened painfully as teeth scraped her flesh. She came, showering me with her...and I ate.

The noises became screeching as a fire consumed her and I thought of an upstairs neighbor hearing the agonized ending. Her thighs went limp and I brushed sticky lips over her stomach as I moved upwards again until straddling her thigh; I felt her cool skin touching my own clit. She

raised her leg slightly as I see-sawed, smearing myself over her and sounds came from my lips as I spasmed with an orgasm. I collapsed upon her, gluing a wet face between wet breasts, and thought of the neighbors again. We lay quietly, our breathing settling into humanness.

I thought of saying something to her... like it was good. It was pretty great actually. Even fantastic. I love you. No, not that. After all, I'd just ended a long relationship and wasn't ready for love yet. Then what should I say? I lust you? I ravage you? At least it would be better than the other. It was only sex. I sex you? No one spoke for awhile and I opened my mouth, but no sound came out.

What was her name?

She brushed fingers through my sweaty hair, separating tangles. I'd talked to her for three hours on the telephone.

What was her name?

I slid one hand lightly up and down her hip.

It started with a "D." I think.

She shifted until I sprawled between her legs and her hand caressed my arm. I felt her cunt hairs against my breast, swallowed heavily.

Why couldn't I remember her damn name? This hadn't happened before.

The air conditioner fan clicked on and cool breeze blew across us. My face still stuck to her skin and I thought about getting a cold with the air drying our wet bodies. I watched her nipple stiffen from the chill.

Dorothy? No.

I blinked. The nipple seemed to grow larger and it interfered with my thinking. She placed her hand over mine and guided it down her stomach until I slipped two fingers into her still warm, moist opening. She groaned almost thankfully. She hinted on the phone that she didn't have to rush home. I rubbed the throbbing mound.

What was her name?

PHOTOS BY JENNIFER GILLMOR



F R O M
T O P



PHOTO BY CHINA

B O T T O M

LYDIA STEPTOE

Lucy stirred her coffee in a leisurely circle, thinking of Claire, and thinking of herself. She laughed out loud, remembering the incredible feeling of being blissed out and happy to be on her knees in front of Claire, begging for her touch, the taste of her body. She shook her head in amazement, knowing it wasn't PC to think so, but still glad no one else had seen her there or known just how much she did like it. How much she liked it kind of scared her. She had never thought of herself as a bottom. But not having to run the scene plus the sheer relief of giving herself over completely to someone she trusted had the gravitational pull of a black hole—occasionally.

Since bottoming for Claire, Lucy had toyed with fantasies of submission and heavy physical play while she masturbated—just to see what sent her over the edge. She was figuring out that she liked force, being left with no choices, being put in a position where the physical pain overcame her distaste for whatever she was being commanded to do. She imagined being on her knees, her hands roped behind her, encircled by women—all packing—who got off on her fear, her tears, the pain. With her hand in her jeans, she'd watch them in her mind's eye, surrounding her, forcing her mouth down on first one cock then another, tasting latex, feeling hands in her hair, voices talking trash, harsh laughter, rough trade, till they slung her over a table, stripped her from the waist down and fucked her from behind while another endless stream of cocks paraded themselves down her throat.

Sometimes her taste ran to uniforms, mostly highway patrol types. She remembered surreal-seeming nights in Austin when she was a teenager and able to scam a car for the evening. She and

her friends would ear around the edges of town, down 6th Street, east of Congress Avenue, always looking over their shoulders for the "hypos." While her friends giggled about boys, she would watch their bodies alternately lit by the street

lights and then falling into darkness. The lights washed over their hips and breasts, glanced off their hair, undulations of shadow caressing their bodies. Those nights were so long, so full of aching. The Texas heat stoked her body to languid passion and after the ride she would probe her cunt with her fingers. Images of light and shadow, sweat and flesh, rendered indolent in the oppression of temperature, swelled her lips until her juice, mixing with the salt streaming from

them, only this one was female because it was Lucy's fantasy. The leather of her holster creaked as she pushed Lucy into the corner of the patrol car with her body. She slid across the seat and pulled out her billy club in the same motion. Lucy would focus on its obscene length and circumference and know, just know, that it would wind up buried in her cunt. There were other fantasies, too, of abduction sometimes. One about pirates crept into her private repertoire, but it felt too foolish—way too Erroll Flynn—and she dropped it.

Still, her cunt got juicier a whole lot faster when her fantasies restored her to the top position. She liked the control she had in a scene and she got off on her ability to shake a bottom loose from whatever moorings she clung to to keep her centered. Lucy liked watching her skill and timing and technique rip a woman out of her own grasp and send her spiraling into an orbit sustained only by endorphins and the sheer tensile strength of the restraints. She knew she had a clearer sense of how much a bottom brings to a scene. For that

she genuinely thanked Claire. But at the same time, she just knew that she was primarily a top.

And she was out to top Claire. She went back and forth between playing with Claire's penchant for the verbal fuck and playing to get herself off with the kind of hard physical beating that she loved to administer. While stirring her coffee in ever tighter circles, she decided that she

had enough imagination to do it both ways. Her mind drifted over possible settings: the house on Harrison Street, her place, Claire's brownstone, a more neutral site like a friend's flat. Nothing clicked in the whole damn town. Lucy scolded herself for having no resources outside the cement environs she loved. "OK," she defended herself to herself. "So I'm a city girl. I like pavement beneath my feet, the sound of buses outside my window and the perfume of exhaust drifting through the screen. So sue me." When she couldn't light upon the perfect urban spot, though, the exotic began to take on a definite appeal until she made up her mind to try something more al fresco.

Determining the exact outdoor spot, though, was difficult. She wanted a place that was isolated, but not so far away that they spent all their free time driving. Claire's lawyering kept her schedule crazy and Lucy's business kept her on the run as well. They would have to carve out time to get together. She pulled out a map of Marin County and scanned the coast line: Drake's Beach, Stinson beach, Muir Beach? No, too crowded. Maybe somewhere along the Duxbury Reef Reserve? No, too small town. They might as well roll down Overlook Drive with great big D's sewn onto their shirts. No, it would have to be somewhere accessible and remote. Lucy looked up and down the map, and then she found it: Rocky Point, also known as Steep Ravine. Perfect.

Lucy could make it seem like a nice drive along the Coastal highway. She would have the car packed with gear without Claire's knowing. Then she would invite her for a pleasant drive in the morning. Claire would ask, where are we going? And Lucy would answer something about a short drive up the coast—say out across the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge, down towards Mill Valley where they would pick up Highway 1 just past the Tamalpais Valley Junction. That stretch of Highway 1 was beautiful (seductive, Lucy hoped). It had been closed since the Loma Prieta earthquake two years before, but had recently been declared safe again for travel.



her pores, stung her thighs and she came.

Now, she focused in on the hypos. Imagining being caught doing something and put in the back of the patrol car, being questioned: her-name-age-how-much-to-drink-what-were-they-doing-did-her-parents-know-where-she-was-whose-car-this-is. And on and on until her friends quietly stole away and the hypo let

Lucy packed the back of the 4x4 with all the gear needed for Steep Ravine. The "cabins" there were actually just shelters against the current of wind blasting off the Pacific coast. There were four walls, a wood-burning stove, counter space for cooking, and a picnic table with benches in the front half of the shelter. In the middle was a closet type space and two bunk beds. In the second half stood two platform beds. There was no running water and no electricity. Those high wooden beams that held up the roof, though, had played into Lucy's fantasies more than once. She packed fire wood, a lantern, candles, and matches for heat and light. She packed pillows, blankets, and sleeping bags for warmth and comfort. She packed an ice chest with pasta, veggies, wine, juices, various breakfast items and sundry munchies for sustenance. Then she packed only two more items: a dildo and the crop. She wanted to keep the props to a minimum and rely on her own physical and emotional abilities. She threw a canvas tarp over the whole schmeer and hoped Claire wouldn't be asking questions. If she did, Lucy would just have to think of something when the time came. She was scheduled to pick up Claire up in front of the Alameda County Courthouse late Friday morning around 10:30. She'd make her move then.

Claire hunched into the car wearily; her current case was taking its toll on her. She didn't even notice the unidentifiable lumps in the rear of the vehicle. Lucy carefully steered out into traffic and headed up Jackson Street towards the 880 on-ramp. Claire couldn't really talk much about the case, being obliged in her line of work to keep confidences. They sat in silence for a while until Claire noticed that they missed the



“The leather of her holster creaked as she pushed Lucy into the corner of the patrol car with her body.”



exit to Highway 24 towards Berkeley and her office. "OK," she sighed. "Where are we going?" But before Lucy could answer, she started worrying. "You know I have a ton of work to do today, baby. I'd love to hang out with you in your favorite cafe in all this sunshine, but I just can't. There's the Rosetta Hill deposition to prepare for by Monday, and the Devon brief due in court by Wednesday. Take me back like a good girl, OK?"

Well, at least she wasn't mad yet, Lucy thought. If I play this right, I can get her there in a car instead of in a huff. She spoke to Claire without looking at her because Claire was to observant not to notice the excited shine in her eyes. "I

know you're swamped, but you're also exhausting yourself. These cases mean a lot to you, and they should, but if you don't take care of yourself, you'll just crash and burn, and then who'll take care of everybody?" It was a pretty lame line of reasoning, but it was a start (Lucy remembered Scarlet saying something like that to Melanie amidst the ruins of Tara). She could keep driving while Claire argued with her. One thing's for sure, Claire could never resist an argument. But Claire surprised her by admitting:

"Maybe you're right. I have been feeling overwhelmed lately, stretched damn thin. OK," she announced. "You will renew my emotional resources. Where are we going, and don't tell me you don't have something in mind."

Lucy decided to play on Claire's apparent willingness to let her have her way, so instead of answering, she told her to "look out and see things," a phrase left over from family trips when she and her siblings, in the back of the station wagon, would begin their litany of "When will we be there, Mama?" The answer that always floated back from the driver's

seat was, "Look out and see things." That usually meant they were about two thirds of the way between Austin and Shawnee, somewhere around Ada: long hot summer trips to her grandmother's house where everybody drank soda pop all day long, the cicadas hummed in the heat, and you could twirl around on the stool at the Owl Drug, sipping cherry cokes.

While Lucy reminisced in her head, she watched the landscape, so different from the gently swelling hills of central Oklahoma. She especially liked the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge. Westward, the span arched up and out, stretching towards Marin until it looked like you just fell into the Bay. The bridge then dropped

Lucy shoved her

hand down

Claire's jeans,

groping her,

feeling for her

cunt.

earthwards and landed at the feet of San Quentin Prison, which seemed like the cruelest place to put a prison, short of Alcatraz. From both, the inmates could be tantalized by the dazzle of night lights; Lucy thought that the great rivers of fog meandering in the air over the water must have washed the smells and sounds of music, sex, laughter, movies, food, all those pleasures that materialize rarely or never inside the concrete and steel compounds. With each morning sun, those mists would vanish, their empty promise vaporized by the light.

After the winding drive through the small coastal range and down the road to Steep Ravine, Lucy and Claire got out of the car and stretched their cramped limbs. The breeze was mild and brought with it the scent of salt water. The tide was just starting to come back in, but the star fish and abalones that clung to the jagged, water-hewn boulders were still visible. Later, they would be completely underwater. After Claire changed into the jeans Lucy had brought for her she went down to explore the coastline and relax. Lucy had offered to do all the unpacking. Her motive wasn't entirely altruistic, as she didn't want Claire to see any of the gear not

essential to an overnight camp-out. Once she had everything stowed, she joined Claire on the beach.

In the rays of the early afternoon sunlight, Claire already looked better than she had when she slumped into the seat of Lucy's 4x4. She smiled as she watched Lucy shed her shoes and socks and go wading in the chill Pacific waters. They talked some, about this and that, until Lucy's teeth were on edge and she had to get the show on the road or they would just fall into bed after dinner and all this atmosphere would be for nothing. So she just took Claire by the hand and led her up the path to the cabin.

Once inside, she pushed Claire against the wall and pressed up against her. She kept her pinned to the wall with her hands on Claire's breasts, thrusting her tongue deep in her throat, insistent and urgent. She murmured something about helping Claire relax even more, take her mind off things. Claire didn't really struggle, but kissed back, sometimes testing the pressure Lucy exerted by pushing back slightly. Lucy instantly forced her back to the wall. As Claire responded more and more to the kisses, Lucy's hands became more aggressive, pulling at Claire's blouse; a few buttons hit the floor. Lucy shoved her hand down Claire's jeans, groping her, feeling for her cunt. Claire moaned a protest and Lucy pinned her against the wall with her forearm against Claire's fine brown throat.

Lucy found plenty of moisture seeping through Claire's panties. "You slut," she hissed. "You fucking whore. You're so wet. You like this, don't you? You twisted bitch. You want more? Want more? She locked her fingers into Claire's hair and forced her to nod her assent. Lucy pushed her whole body into Claire's, rocking her hips against the other woman. She slammed her up against the wood, and growled in her ear that she was trash, a whore, a slut because who else would want to get fucked this way. Who else got wet when someone forced her to have sex, who else but a slut would respond to this? Claire moaned and nodded, agreeing to everything. She did want it, she did want someone to take her over, leave her no choice, no room to

maneuver or even to think. The force of Lucy's body against hers made her wet beyond belief; she wanted any resistance she put up to be squashed, not tolerated, slapped down.

And Lucy obliged. She spun Claire around so that her cheek rested against the wall. She held both Claire's wrists in one hand pressed into the small of her back and with her foot kicked Claire's legs apart. When Claire resisted this exposure, Lucy yanked her wrists up towards her shoulder blades far enough to really hurt and pounded on her ass with her free hand until Claire screamed that she would be a good girl. But Lucy didn't stop with this admission. She reached over to the table and grabbed their dildo and just shoved it into Claire's cunt with no preliminaries. It sank right in. She used it to hoist Claire onto her toes, keeping her off balance with her voice and her hand still slamming her ass. Claire was climbing the wall, crying and pleading. her cries were answered only by the call of seagulls squabbling over their catch. Lucy worked the dildo in deeper, harder, relentless.

As quickly as she could so that Claire could not regain her equilibrium, Lucy dropped the dildo and plucked Claire from the wall, giving her a shove towards the bedroom. When Claire turned around to speak, Lucy slapped her hard across the mouth, flinging invectives at her. She pushed her hard with the heel of her palm in her chest until Claire tripped and fell on the platform bed. She wanted to make sure that Claire had no room for leverage, no ground to stand on. She wanted to force Claire to occupy that liminal space where the top is the only connection the bottom has to the world, where the top becomes the bottom's world. So she kept pounding at Claire, beating her; she sat astride her on the bed and slapped her until her ears had to be ringing. She twisted her nipples until Claire screamed and then spanked her breasts until they were red. She knelt on Claire's upper arms to keep her pinned to the bed. She leaned over her and kissed her roughly, bruising Claire's lips, forcing her tongue between Claire's teeth, biting her neck, her cheeks, sweeping her up in a torrent of sensation and words:

"Slut, whore, trash, bitch, cunt."

Those words slamming around inside her brain ran down an electrical circuit directly to her clit. her hips shoved up against the air above her. That circuit of erotic power ran deep inside her psycho-sexual biography, forcing her lust to the surface and splaying it inside out. She was squirming, almost screaming, tears streaming down her face—but no safe word came out of her mouth.

Lucy pushed herself off of Claire, grabbed her right leg and flipped her onto her face. She took up the crop and beat her, not without control, but with the connected distance that she cherished as a top. She watched Claire's every movement, determined to keep her there without physical restraints. She raised welts first on her

the platform like sailor hangs onto the mast in a hurricane, she was buffeted by the force and intensity of Lucy's determination to overwhelm her and still keep her present in the scene.

That connection was so powerful that Claire could not escape who Lucy was, could not seek, much less find, a refuge in her own head that would allow her to feel only the physical, without acknowledging the presence driving her along. To her, Lucy seemed almost to radiate a magnetic force; the pull towards her was somehow as inexorable as the tide that washed over the star fish, drowning them in the oxygen they had to have to live. All thought of briefs and depositions were ejected like so much flotsam. The surrender was total



ass, stopping only to thrust her fingers into Claire's cunt, just to remind her that she wanted this, that her desire for pain and brute force kept her where she was. Lucy smeared Claire's juices on her butt and beat her again until Claire's flesh reached the flashpoint of pain and she screamed.

For relief, Lucy only moved to other parts of her body, forced Claire's legs wide apart so that she could have access to the soft, tender flesh on the inside of her thighs. Despite, or perhaps because of, the severity of the beating, Claire seemed to hug the raw wood of the bed with her fingers, clutching at something stationary to keep her anchored there. Clinging to

annihilation. She gave everything to Claire, no quarter, no ransom. And Lucy took it all—not with the gloating smugness she might have once, but with a deep self-satisfaction nonetheless.

Afterwards, Lucy watched Claire in the glow of the candles that lit the room. As she drifted to sleep teetering on the edge of consciousness, Claire held tight to Lucy, trusting her to keep her fastened to this world. And Lucy smiled, having met—finally—that dare Claire had flung at her in the house on Harrison Street. Met it and won.

"WUNNA HIS FANTASIES":

THE STATE/D INDEFENSIBILITY

OF

BECKI ROSS

LESBIAN SMUT

AFTER A FIVE-DAY OBSCENITY TRIAL in December of 1992, and following two months of heated speculation, Judge Claude Paris of the Ontario Provincial Court delivered a curt, two-page decision on February 16th, 1993. In his ruling on one story, "Wunna My Fantasies" in one issue of *Bad Attitude*, a magazine of "lesbian erotic fiction" (vol. 7, no. 4), and on the right of Toronto's Glad Day Bookshop to sell it, Paris declared the magazine "obscene," thereby justifying the police seizure of the publication from the bookstore on April 30th, 1992. He ruled in favour of "protecting" the general public from material that would "predispose individuals to anti-social behaviour." In fact, Paris deployed the newly retooled section 163 (8) of the Criminal Code (i.e., the Supreme Court's Butler decision, 1992) to argue that the elimination of "degrading" and "dehumanizing" materials promotes the equality of women with men.¹ However, rather than promote (or legislate) equality, I argue that the decision made by Judge Paris not only contributes specifically to the disempowerment of lesbians and bisexuals; it re-encodes late-nineteenth-century social purity definitions of (all) women as sexually passive objects in need of manly protection. As such, this ruling is not simply or merely about lesbians, or more pointedly, those "nasty s/m perverts." It's about patriarchal preoccupation with re-making good/bad, moral/immoral, Madonna/Whore and masculine/feminine in ways that re-demarcate "proper" boundaries of public and private. Welcome to the New Age of Light, Soap and Water.²

PHOTO SPREAD:

"PIERCINGS"

BY

JENNIFER GILLMOR

ON DECEMBER 15TH, 1992, in a third-floor, church-like room at Toronto's Old City Hall, I took the stand to defend *Bad Attitude*. I was sworn in as an "expert witness" on lesbian sexuality, culture and community (based in part on my Ph.D. in "lesbian studies"), as well as the academic disciplines of sociology and semiotics. For over seven hours I was examined and cross-examined — a gruelling ordeal that made the oral defense of my dissertation seem like a neighbourhood coffee klatch. Briefed only two days before I appeared on the stand, I became part of the "Defense Team" (headed up by defense counsel Clare Barclay) which included photographer Jennifer Gillmor (whose images were published in *Bad Attitude*), Suzanne Jarvey, reader of *Vogue* magazine, and psychologist and "media effects" specialist Jonathon Freedman.

On the stand, sixty-five years after Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness* was banned and burned in England and named "a moral pestilence" and a "vile poison," I argued passionately for the contemporary and historical significance of lesbian-specific images (sexual and non-sexual) in a culture that institutionalizes, privileges and mandates compulsive heterosexuality. At no time during the trial was I or anyone else able to communicate to the Judge and the Crown's attorney, Charles Granek, the **material context** under which lesbian sexual images are produced:

the paltry financial resources, the intended lesbian audiences, the multiple meanings ascribed to the images by readers and viewers, the almost entire absence of accessible homoerotic texts and the challenges made by lesbians of colour to the structuring of white icons, narratives and ideologies in contemporary lesbian sexual/cultural production.³ I battled to situate *Bad Attitude* on a sex-spectrum alongside the *Dyke Sex Calendar* (1990), the San Francisco porn mag *On Our Backs*, the new *Getting Wet: Tales of Lesbian Seduction* published by the Women's Press (1992), the writings of Susie Sexpert (1990, 1992), Jewelle Gomez (1987) and Carolyn Gammon (1992). To no avail. The Crown (and the Judge) relentlessly centred and recentred the 'deadly evil' of sado-masochism.

(Because I attempted to contextualize *Bad Attitude*, because I refused to provide the court with the exact number of s/m lesbian practitioners in Toronto and because I hesitated to give "yes" or "no" answers, I was scolded on several occasions by Judge and Crown for being uncooperative and deliberately evasive. The Judge warned me that my attitude was damaging my credibility and the defense's case more generally.)

How was I or anyone else to convince straight white male state agents of the special richness of s/m subcultures: the language, conventions, signifiers, negotiations and consensual role playing? In s/m lesbian sex, the roles, the dialogue, the fetishized costumes and the staged sexual scenes

are part and parcel of a drama or ritual. Judge Paris neither heard nor was open to learn that **the bottom** actually "runs the fuck," a fact which throws already highly subjective notions of 'pain' and 'harm' acted out through 'dominance' and 'submission' into utter chaos. In her "Feminism and Sado-masochism" essay in the 1981 Sex issue of *Heresies*, macho slut Pat Califia explains that, "[s/m] participants are enhancing their sexual pleasure, not damaging or imprisoning one another."⁴ And she adds that even if scenes are acted out, there is no necessary correlation between the roles women assume in s/m sex and how women behave in their ordinary, everyday worlds. At the same time, Califia and others tend to idealize the sexual outlaw and her dyke-made hard core as political per se, with scant regard for the limiting individualism of a civil libertarian stance.⁵ But there was absolutely no room in courtroom 3-A for discussion of such complex, vexing issues.

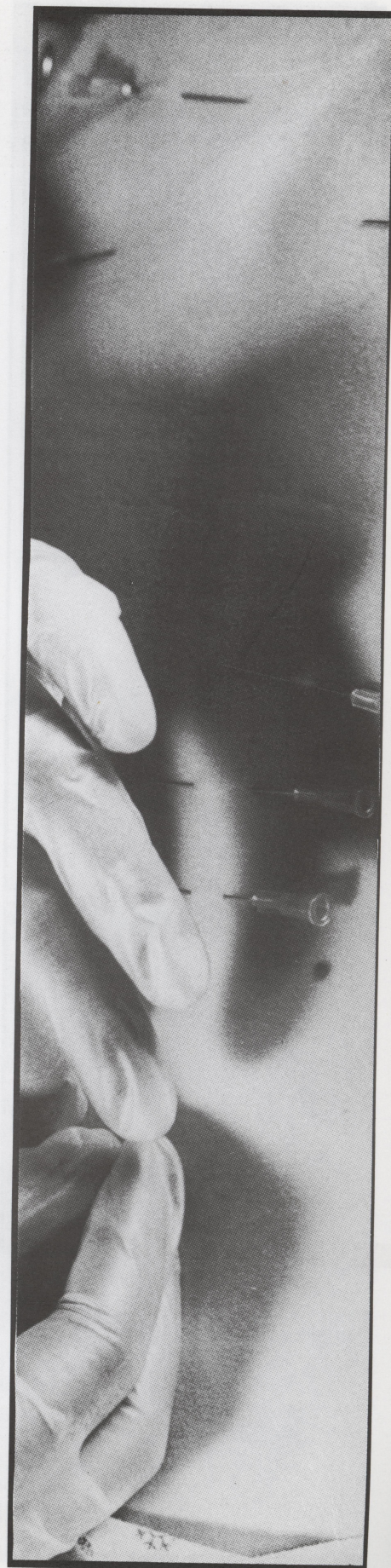
Accepting the Butler decision's premise that porn is believed by the Canadian public to cause harm, and that consent "cannot save materials" deemed to be degrading to women, the Judge put the kibosh to confusion: it is now a felony to fantasize partaking in a lesbian sexual act.

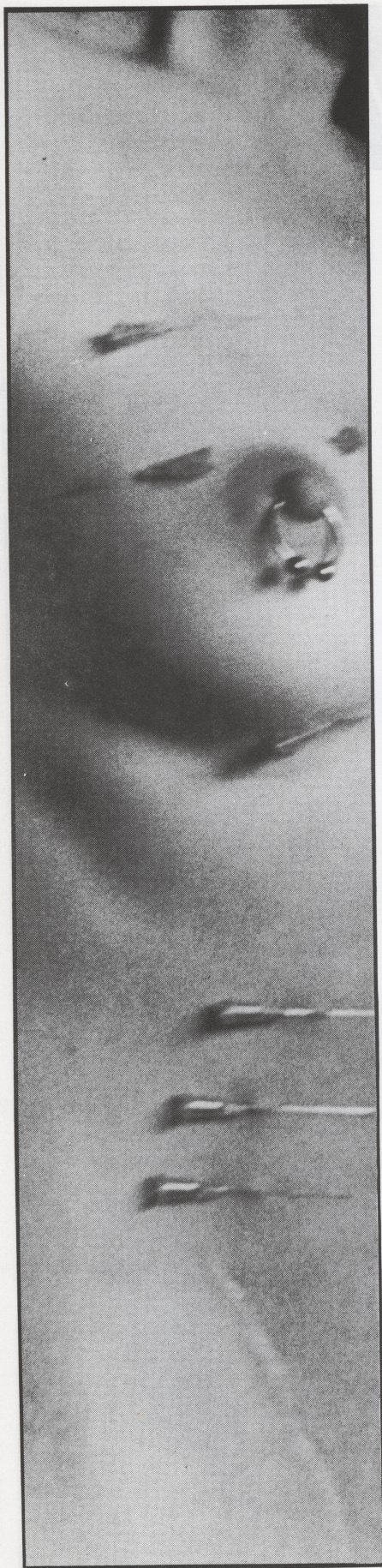
All things considered, as someone who is an active (but not uncritical) lesbian s/m supporter, who is turned on by certain elements of s/m, but who does not belong to the formal lesbian s/m subculture, I uneasily inhabit the designation of "s/m expert." Given the social organization of law as professional practice, I recognize that in a courtroom my Ph.D. affords me a degree of currency that privileges my speech over and above that of s/m practitioners themselves. However, in retrospect, I'm convinced that testimonies delivered by Califia, Gayle Rubin or the publishers of *Bad Attitude* would have made negligible difference to the final decision.

During my testimony, I gave a detailed reading of "Wunna My Fantasies" (the "most offending" *Bad Attitude* story, written by Trish Thomas), which included mention of the fully consensual sex play between two fictional lesbian characters — one of whom stalks the other in a shower room. I translated the story as one of sexual play and role reversal where the "aggressor" is left unattended in the end while her "prey" masturbates to orgasm, watching herself come in the mirror. Like a dog with a bone, Granek obsessively cited decontextualized snippets of text to demonstrate his interpretation of the narrative's essentially coercive brutal and non-consensual thrust.

In his final decision, Paris concluded that "Wunna My Fantasies" "blew all the whistles and rang all the bells." Clearly, the Judge did not read "Wunna My Fantasies" as fantasy — a work of the imagination, a symbolic representation. He read it as REAL. It obviously did not matter that neither he nor anyone else was able to prove a link between this story (or any lesbian porn) and violence against women and/or children. (Indeed, the Butler decision states that actual proof of harm is unnecessary.) Accepting the Butler decision's premise that porn is believed by the Canadian public to cause harm, and that consent "cannot save materials" deemed to be degrading to women, the Judge put the kibosh to confusion: it is now a felony to fantasize partaking in a lesbian sexual act.

The categories of 'degradation', 'dehumanization' and 'harm' used repeatedly by the Crown during the *Bad Attitude* case (and enshrined in the Butler decision) bespeak a persisting concentration on





female victimization that centres women's sexual danger, guilt, shame and fear. (For much of the *Bad Attitude* trial, the Crown clutched the feminist anthology *Against Sadoomasochism* [1982] to his chest like a bible.) Importantly, the construct of female sexual 'degradation' was pivotal to the rhetoric of English Canadian moral reformers in the early 1900s: the National Council of Women (NCW), the Women's Christian Temperance Union's Department of Purity in Literature, Art and Fashion and the Methodist Department of Temperance and Moral Reform — all of whom lobbied for obscenity legislation and greater legal/sexual/moral protection for women.⁶

The continuity between the early and late twentieth centuries seems to be the maternal and, later, radical or cultural feminist fixing of certain norms of femininity and masculinity as natural, unchanging and essentially rooted in binary opposites: the female is morally superior and in need of rescue from the oversexed, uncontrollably lustful and inherently violent male. Now, given the structuring of woman-as-object-to-be-violated-by-man in pro-censorship feminist, conservative and legal discourse, woman-as-sexual-subject becomes an oxymoron. How then is it possible to tell different stories?

To further stress the particularities of lesbian-produced sexual texts, I presented Judge Paris with the photo series "Stream of Cuntiousness" in *Hustler* (March 1990) — a decidedly non-lesbian spread. In these photographs (which signify a random but highly representative sampling), two white (though unnaturally bronzed) women are splayed out across rocks in the middle of a swift-running stream. They appear to be having sex with one another, but they're not. Each photo (which likely cost more to produce than an entire year of *Bad Attitude*) is painstakingly constructed to invite a straight male reader/viewer into the scene — in other words, "Lesbianism as (heterosexual) Foreplay 101," or girl + girl = titillation. The women are almost identical in shape, size, age and colour (no butch/femme codes here); they sport long red fingernails (safer sex anyone?), pouty pink lips and their bodies are positioned to be fucked by the reader and to double his pleasure. Lesbianism itself, and more specifically (hot) lesbian sex, is of no or little interest to *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt. Indeed, in numerous spots throughout *Hustler*, lesbianism is crudely lampooned and trivialized.

The more I struggled to establish the cultural and political import of lesbian texts that intend lesbian arousal, the more the Judge seemed impatient, bored and exasperated. In the end, Paris declared that gender was irrelevant — a point made repeatedly by the Crown, throughout the trial. To Paris (and Granek), it did not matter that the figures in the text and pictures were exclusively female.

Hanging his official ruling on the story "Wunna My Fantasies," Paris maintained that by substituting a man for the "sexually aggressive" woman, the criminally violent, obscene character in the scene between the two women was fully revealed. By crafty sleight of hand, Paris-the-magician transformed one (paper) expression of female homoerotic desire into a (live) heterosexual "rape" (his term); and in so doing, callously and cowardly obliterated the radical specificity of the lesbian imagery/text. Clearly, to Paris, the only frame of reference admissible to his courtroom was heterosexuality. (Ironically, in their factum to the Supreme Court on Butler, the Legal Education and Action Fund's (LEAF) lawyers recommended the substitution of an "abused" woman-as-bottom for an "abused" gay man-as-bottom in gay male porn in order to "teach" judges about the coercion and violence inscribed in heterosexual porn.) Among the multiple flaws in this "logic," it seems spurious

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to apply an analysis of unequal power in heterosexual relations to homosexual relations without considering how same-gender sex might fundamentally alter the dynamic.

On one hand, even though most s/m porn represents heterosexual women dominating and disciplining men, the state is determined to instruct the systematic harassment of lesbian and gay producers and consumers of queer images. On the other hand, gay and lesbian images are being borrowed, commodified and sold back to us, stripped of gritty, radical intent, by astute entrepreneurs whose commitment to pornographic work produced by and for queers is, at best, unclear.

Ironically, Madonna's *Sex* (1992) contains more graphic and controversial images of and references to whipping, bonding, hot wax dripping, slapping, paddling, bestiality, inter-generational sex, tattooing, humiliation, group sex, and so on, than does *Bad Attitude*. Chock-full of pirated queer content, *Sex* has resided atop the *New York Times*' best-seller list for over four months. It has sold thousands and thousands of copies in Canada and Quebec at \$60.00 a pop (+ GST and PST), and even public libraries have snapped it up. But *Sex*'s metal covers serve as a bullet-proof, anti-cop shield held up smugly by the

multi-national media dynasty Time Warner. The book's dazzling production values and their embeddedness in the legitimizing discourses of high art, popular entertainment and fashion photography secures its virtual inviolability. And ultimately, *Sex* is protected by and marketed through Madonna's status as international pop icon.

Contrarily, *Bad Attitude* is a bi-monthly magazine that sells less than 200 copies an issue across Canada and Quebec. At \$8.95, it's not glossy, the reproduction of images is poor and the text is littered with typos and grammatical errors. In spite of these shortcomings, I explained to the Judge that lesbians had a very difficult time finding *Bad Attitude*, and that Glad Day Bookshop never received nor sold more than eight copies per issue.

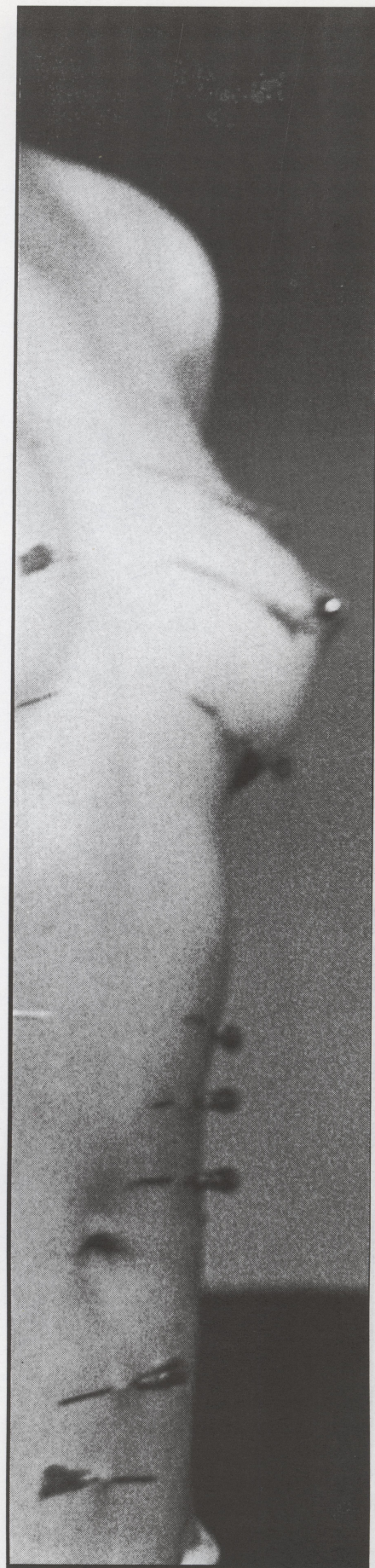
Outside of my testimony, over the course of thirty hours of examination and cross-examination, the word **LESBIAN** was only mentioned approximately five times. More than two full days were spent debating the responses of white, American, college-educated boys to non-consensual heterosexual images of rape and violence. In an otherwise superb denunciation of Neil Malamuth and the entire "porn causes violence to women" school of media analysis, Jonathon Freedman referred to the image of fisting in *Bad Attitude* as "disgusting." It was the almost entire invisibility of **LESBIAN** at a lesbian porn trial that I and others experienced bodily and intellectually as most incredulous, angering and insanity-making. Curiously, defense counsel Clare Barclay and I became complicit in this phenomenon of erasure. Cornered by the hostility of the Crown, we traded Madonna's *Sex* — a non-lesbian text not intended (primarily) for lesbian readers — for *Bad Attitude*. In so doing, we substituted a candy-coated, high-gloss facsimile for the raw, "real" thing, hence consigning *Bad Attitude*, once again, to obscurity.

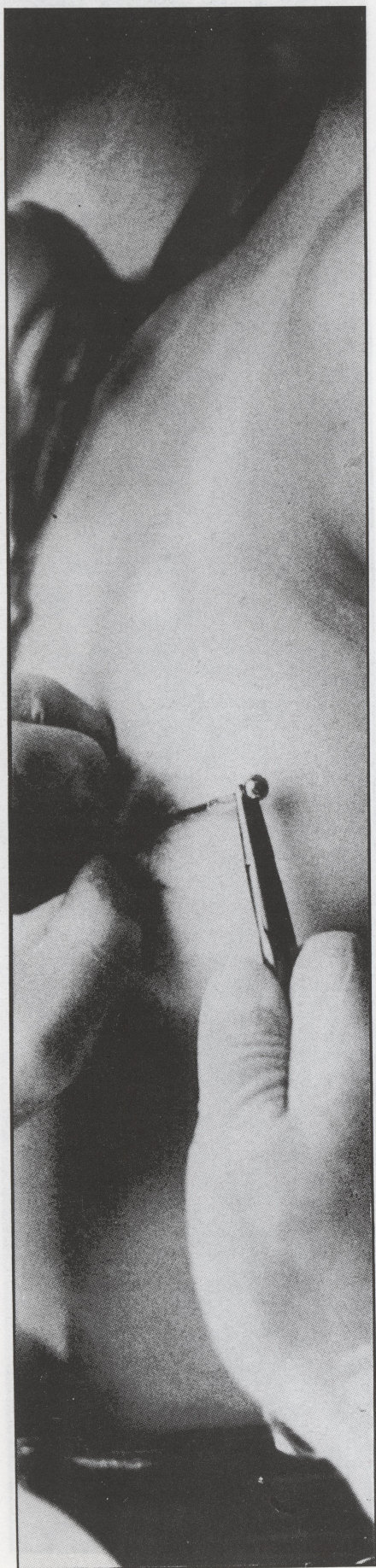
HAVING REALIZED the impossibility of defending *Bad Attitude* on its own terms, Clare Barclay and I argued that the commercial success of Madonna's *Sex* signifies a decisive shift in community standards. Most notably, we said, it has never been proven responsible for inciting "harm to women" or "anti-social behaviour," nor has it been prevented from traveling freely across the Canada/U.S. border. On February 16th, Judge Paris dismissed our Number One exhibit, *Sex*, and all of our attendant arguments regarding standards, as well as the book's mass dissemination and popular appeal, as unpersuasive.

To me, there is no question that the *Bad Attitude* decision is shot through with heterosexist and homophobic assumptions and double standards. It's also clear to me that Paris' recent leadership in making the Ontario Provincial Court a safer place for children/youth to testify in sexual abuse cases (reported in the *Globe and Mail* in January of 1993) locates him squarely inside of a sexual discourse that infantilizes women and centres victimization, trauma and violence at the same time that it renders a politics of female sexual pleasure, desire and fantasy (such as that propagated in *Bad Attitude*) not only unlikely, but almost unimaginable. This is not to say that issues of incest and the abuse of power by adults over children/youth are unimportant. Rather, it's my view that the foregrounding of sexual and moral peril in an already erotophobic climate serves to reinforce, even intensify, feelings of sexual pessimism.

Paris repeatedly raised questions about the "innocence of children" during a trial that expressly dealt with adult/adult lesbian sex. There is absolutely no mention of cross-generational sex in the seized copy of *Bad Attitude*. And Glad Day does not sell *Bad Attitude* to buyers under the age of eighteen. Citing items on my Curriculum Vitae that flagged "youth sexuality," the Crown repeatedly attempted to discredit me as an alleged child pornographer or as someone with an appetite for "kiddie porn." Yet there is a context for this seemingly tangential attack: the federal government has quietly formed a special "anti-pedophilia" investigatory sub-committee and Project P is itching to slam Glad Day for trafficking material that openly condones cross-generational sex (i.e., the newsletter of the North American Man/Boy Love Association [NAMBLA]). Christina Blizzard of the *Toronto Sun* (who lambasted the AIDS Committee of Toronto for "misusing public funds" to finance gay youth sexuality brochures), the architects and supporters of anti-lesbian/gay rights measures in Oregon

Never has it been more clear to me that the relevances of anti-violence and anti-porn discourse are contingent on the sexist and heterocentric suspension, if not the disavowal, of women's self-defined pleasure.





and Colorado, Cure (a Toronto-based coalition of parents "for responsible education") and others have all successfully used the demonizing discourse of homosexual pedophilia and proselytization in the service of a broad offensive against lesbians and gay men. Moreover, in a time of increased sensitization to issues of violence against women and children, "law and order" advocates are able to draw on the political capital of feminist anti-porn discourse as a method of legitimizing their anti-woman, pro-family and anti-homosexual ideology and practice.

In the end, right now, I feel angry, discouraged and bitter. Mostly I am furious at the ways in which a coterie of powerful straight, white, male "authorities," backed up by OPP and Metro "boys in blue" (conspicuously present in the courtroom throughout the trial), exercised power from a place of sheer ignorance, disrespect and contempt. Never has it been more clear to me that the relevances of anti-violence and anti-porn discourse are contingent on the sexist and hetero-centric suspension, if not the disavowal, of women's self-defined pleasure. Nor do I require "better" evidence of the acute instability of normative heterosexuality. Perversely, I think that "the boys" actually "get it" — they're just too threatened, too insecure and too afraid to do anything but pretend that they don't.

THE FALL OUT

Following Judge Paris' statement, Glad Day Bookshop owner John Scythes stated categorically that he would no longer stock future issues of *Bad Attitude*. And the Toronto Women's Bookstore has since shoved *Bad Attitude* under the counter. Defense lawyer Clare Barclay informed me that there would be no formal appeal of Judge Paris' decision.

Within the past three months, the American comic book *Hothead Pisan: Homocidal Lesbian Terrorist* and the British lesbian porn magazine *Quim* (slang for cunt) have been confiscated by Customs officials en route to the Toronto Women's Bookstore. I anticipate an escalation of already obsessive border seizures as the Paris decision affords border guards even greater licence to polish and refine their sexist and heterosexist procedures. I am also aware that the generalized climate of conservative moralism (manifested in the Paris decision) is exacting a stranglehold on a host of sex-related matters. According to front-line workers at Toronto's Street Outreach Services (SOS), it has become considerably more difficult to get safer sex information to prisoners, prostitutes and street hustlers. T-shirts designed by SOS clients, emblazoned with the slogan, "Wear a Fuckin' Rubber or Drift," have been pulled from circulation by their offended funders and overseers — Anglican Houses. And a street-smart, hard-talking video produced collaboratively with street hustlers has been stalled by the SOS Board of Directors for over a year.

The AIDS Committee of Toronto is fighting to have its safer sex and youth pamphlets distributed to schools on more than a "selective" basis, while the ACT Board of Directors bicker amongst themselves over the long overdue publication of a lesbian safer sex pamphlet. Meanwhile, lesbian and gay bookstores are suffering enormous financial burdens, artists are stung by obscenity chill and sex trade workers are subjected to stepped-up state surveillance. Underneath it all, the dire social problems of poverty, racism, gender/sexual discrimination, and more, are left unresolved.⁷

In terms of strategies, anti-censorship feminists and our friends need to continue to develop and disseminate analysis of the state and oppressive state operations. The longstanding anti-left hostility of radical (and liberal) feminists accounts in part for past and ongoing feminist faith in the state's role as a facilitating force in social justice. Somehow, LEAF must be held accountable for its short-sighted, politically naive bunglings and missteps. And surprisingly, the National Action Committee (NAC), under socialist feminist Judy Rebick, has shown no progressive leadership whatsoever on the issue of state censorship. In effect, the lack of serious media attention in some ways reflects the dividedness of feminist constituencies as well as the disorganized state of pro-sex, anti-censorship forces.

In order to fight state-controlled and police brutality, lesbians, gays, bisexuals and friends need to pursue alliances with all communities who have experienced histories of intimidation, for example, coalitions amongst Black communities, communities of First Nations peoples and communities of sex trade workers. Ambitiously, we need to persuade queers and queer-positive supporters that state sexual regulation has an impact on all of our sexualities, not just on those of pervers.

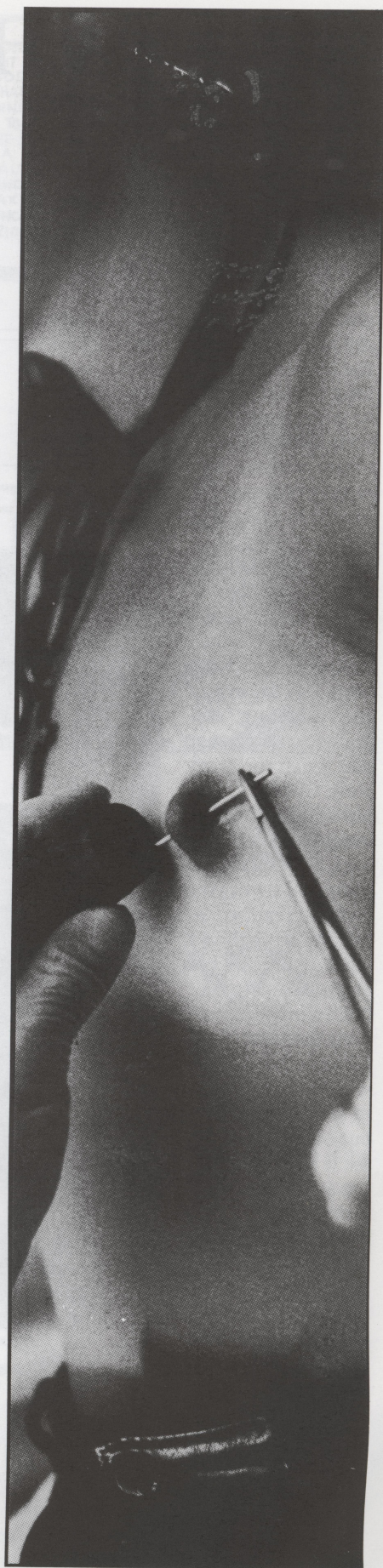
NOTWITHSTANDING Diana Fuss's homo re-reading of mainstream women's magazines, I, for one, refuse to be content with sucking "lesbian content" out of *Elle*, *Vogue*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Mirabella*, or for that matter, *Hustler* and *Forum*.⁸ I like my girls in the flesh, on video and in print. I don't want to squirrel away my "legally prohibited" desire/s until it's "safe" to do so. Instead, I intend to continue pushing for lesbian "criminality" in all of its glorious manifestations, both real and imagined.

Notes

I'd like to thank members of Toronto Socialist Feminist Action, Cynthia Wright, Gillian Morton, Liz Czak, Ellen Flanders and Ingrid Stitt for their contributions to my thinking through the issues raised above. And I'm grateful to Margaret Christakos of *Fireweed* for encouraging me to write it down.

1. On the Butler decision, see Thelma McCormack, "Keeping Our Sex 'Safe': Anti-Censorship Strategies vs. the Politics of Protection," *Fireweed, Sex & Sexuality, Volume 1* (Winter 1993): 25-34; and, Chris Bearchell, "Cut That Out!" *This Magazine*, vol. 26, no. 6 (January/February 1993): 37-40.
2. I have borrowed this phrase from Mariana Valverde's book, *The Age of Light, Soap and Water: Moral Reform in English Canada, 1885-1925* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1991).
3. See Jackie Goldsby, "What It Means to Be Colored Me," *Out/look* (Summer 1990).
4. Pat Califia, "Feminism and Sadomasochism," *Heresies, The Sex Issue*, no. 12 (1981): 31.
5. Lisa Henderson, "Lesbian Pornography: Cultural Transgression and Sexual Demystification," in *New Lesbian Criticism*, ed. Sally Munt (New York: Columbia University Press, 1992), 173-192.
6. See Valverde, *The Age of Light, Soap and Water*, and for a similar account of the British context, see Margaret Hunt, "The De-Eroticization of Women's Liberation: Social Purity Movements and the Revolutionary Feminism of Sheila Jeffreys," *Feminist Review* (Spring 1990): 23-46.
7. See Clare Barclay and Elaine Carol, "Obscenity Chill: Artists in a Post-Butler Era," *Fuse*, vol. 16, no. 2 (Winter 1992/3): 18-28.
8. Diana Fuss, "Fashion and the Homo-Spectatorial Look," *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 18 (Summer 1992): 713-737.

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FIREWEED, ISSUE #38, VOL. 2,
 MARCH, 1993



WHAT YOU OWN

JESSICA LEWANDAWSKI

It's your contradictions that make you so irresistible. Butch girl. Shy girl...grabbing the hair at the nape of my neck, pulling my head back to the angle most convenient...hair just long enough to slide your fingers in, to grasp strongly. Teasing me with your mouth hovering over mine...waiting. Waiting to see my reserve collapse...waiting to make me ask for it. Make me work for it. Work me...my body, a body that you know is yours to claim. "Are you all worked up?" Sly girl...you feel my thighs trembling you know my cunt's wetting. You know that anywhere you touch me is my cunt. Choose to give me that sweet pain of longing. Leaning back looking at this body you own, your own re-creation...a woman struggling to regain what she had given away breath life...struggling to keep the heat from rising to her skin hot swollen soft...trying to keep the urgency out of her eyes. You see it all. You grab my arm, "You're burning up. I didn't even do anything yet. Easy girl. Are you a lit?" One finger under the tip of my chin, coaxing my head back as far as it will go. The gentlest pressure, you notice, is all that's needed to get what you want. Leaving me waiting...wondering. Pulling back to look again stroking along the muscular curves of my dancer's neck, long and graceful. "I like that in a girl," you breathe to me, mouth against my neck, "you're so

passive." Rewarded for my patience with a few stray bites in the hollows of my shoulder blades and a hand that strays across grazes my nipple innocently purposefully. You know that I will submit to any whim of yours...I can no longer think...there is no decision make submission the only choice. Take my body don't ask—just do it...own it...use it only for your pleasure.

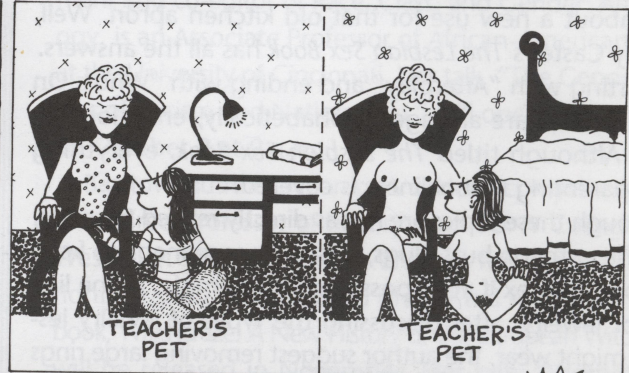
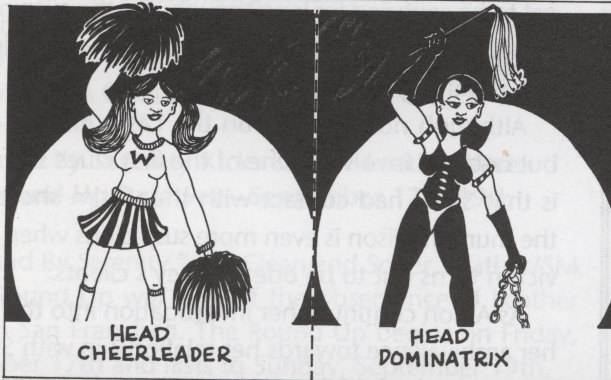
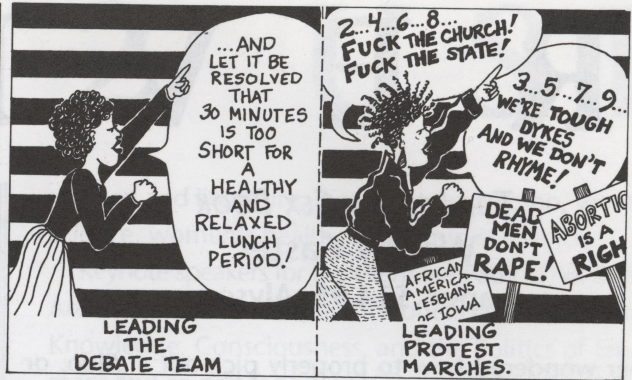
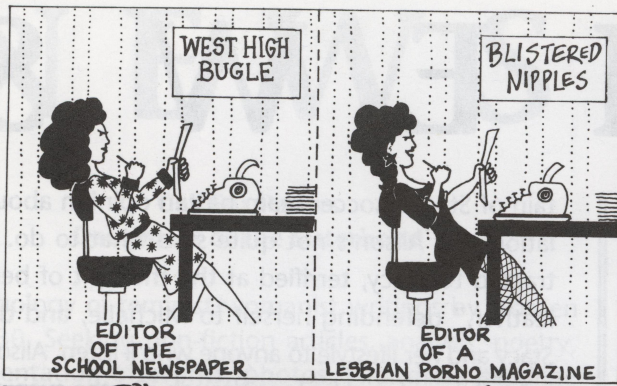


In the bar my friend is gossiping about you...telling me you like to pack when you go out. She said laughing that she told you that you had better get over it. I nod a silent answer. I won't tell her how my insides tumble over looking at you standing across the bar wondering if

you are wearing your dick. Wanting you to wear it just for me.

Remember surrender...that night...preparing carefully each night. Wanting you to see me...wanting to bring out the butch in you...the top in you. Halloween. Night of disguise, strange it was a night of unveiling...femme girl...dancer girl...flirting outrageously. I see you talking in the kitchen with another femme girl I know. I don't try to resist going to you showing off the suggestive red make-up traces on my back that I got from accidentally brushing against someone. "You wear your marks well, you think you can bring out the butch in me?" Flaunting my tight dancer's body pulling up my flimsy black skirt to show you my ass. I can see the slight surprise in your eyes at getting your challenge taken up. I can see your eyes narrow. I can see the small breath that escapes your parted lips. Makes me want something to suck on. I know what girls like you

get off on. I let a smile slide across my face and ask her for a cigarette...but...you promptly snatch it up between your fingers to deftly tuck it behind your ear, waiting...not conceding my victory by holding it close to my lips, "You want this?" "Who says?"



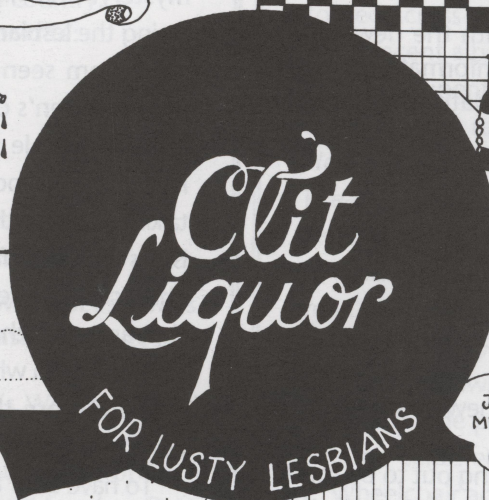
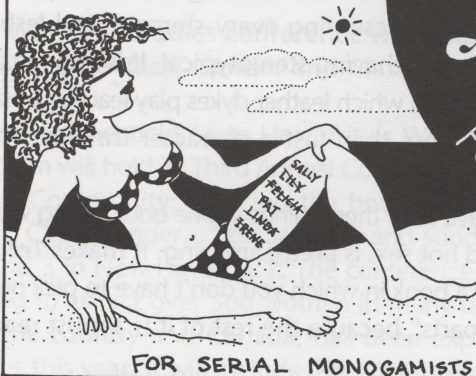
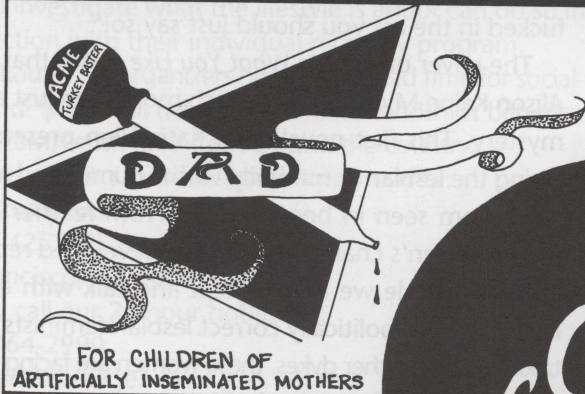
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

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TODAY'S TATTOOS



REVIEWS

THE LESBIAN SEX BOOK

Wendy Caster

paper, \$14.95, Alyson

Ever wondered how to properly pick out a dildo, or how about a new use for that old kitchen apron. Well, Wendy Caster's *The Lesbian Sex Book* has all the answers.

Starting with "Afterplay" and ending with "Who's On Top," entries are arranged alphabetically, encyclopedia style. Although titled *The Lesbian Sex Book*, everything from parenting to loneliness is covered.

Though these topics are not as directly related to sex as, say, the entry on butt plugs, Caster does manage to keep the focus on sex if at all possible. For example, in the listing for jewelry, after discussing the types of jewelry lesbians might wear, the author suggest removing large rings prior to penetrating you partner.

Unlike other books about lesbian sexuality, Caster has managed to inform readers on a variety of subjects without bias. Language is inclusive, using "we" and "us" as opposed to "they" and "them." This is true whether the entry is about spooning or fisting.

Also unique is that it is not necessary to read this book in any logical order. The format is such that those of us who read back to front or skip entire sections completely will not be at a disadvantage. So, if your natural inclination is to follow the entry on G-spot with the entry on penetration, go for it!

The Lesbian Sex Book was written with the newly out lesbian in mind. Although some of the information is very basic, the book as a whole is an informative and entertaining guide to lesbian sexuality.

Oh, yeah—it has pictures, too!

TELL ME WHAT YOU LIKE

Kate Allen

paper, \$9.95, New Victoria

Leather dykes are dying and Alison's new girlfriend may be killing them.

Officer Alison Kaine's vacation is turning out to be more work than she bargained for. First, her plans with the mountain dykes fall through. But, things start to look up when she meets Stacy. Then Stacy turns out to be not only a leather dyke, but a dominatrix serving the lesbian community.

Everyone, from her best friend, Michelle, to the cap-

tain of Stacy's soccer team has an opinion about this relationship. Alison's not quite sure what to do. She's attracted to Stacy, terrified at the thought of being "into leather," defending herself to Michelle, and defending Stacy and her lifestyle to anyone who'll listen. Alison doesn't get to be confused for long though. On the evening of their second date, while Alison and Stacy are dancing inside, someone is getting killed outside.

Although not officially on the case, Alison can't help but become involved. One of the first clues she discovers is that Stacy had contact with the victim shortly before the murder. Alison is even more suspicious when a second victim turns out to be one of Stacy's clients.

As Alison continues her investigation into the murders, her ambivalence towards her relationship with Stacy continues. As the initial sexual encounter between the two keeps getting put off, the build up of sexual tension gets even more heated. When they finally do get together the result is more than half a chapter of the most intense sex, fantasy, role-playing, scene in print. The next morning, ambivalence gone, Alison says to Lawrence, Stacy's gay housekeeper, "I figure if it turns you on to get tied up and fucked in the ass you should just say so!"

The cover of *Tell Me What You Like* states that it is "An Alison Kaine Mystery". It is much more than just a murder mystery. This first novel from Kate Allen presents issues facing the lesbian community with a humor and a humanity seldom seen in books today. From leather dykes to fundies, Allen's characters are fully developed representations of people we might meet and talk with everyday. From uptight, politically correct lesbian feminists to sweet talking, baby leather dykes, these women are facing the same issues most of us face. It is refreshing to see a story that includes characters representing every stereotypical lesbian role, that are not behaving stereotypical. It is also refreshing to read a story in which leather dykes play leading positive roles and are more than just a character thrown in to cause controversy.

To have all of these things in one book, along with a great plot and hot sex, is pretty amazing. It makes *Tell Me What You Like* a book in which you don't have to pick out just the "good parts" because the rest of it is a must read, too.

Reviews by Marie Sharp

NEWS 2 USE

Call For Papers Daughters of the Sisterhood

An anthology of feminist/womanist writings by women under 30. Seeking non-fiction articles, analysis, poetry, documentation of events, photos. First draft deadline December 31, 1993. For more information and submission guidelines write to Rebecca Kaplan, POBox 441460, West Somerville, MA 02144 USA

Bound By Serenity Kicks Off S/F Leather Week Round Up Date Set—September 17th-19th

"Bound By Serenity," the Clean and Sober, Leather/SM Fetish Round Up will kick off the observance of Leather Week in San Francisco. The Round Up begins on Friday, September 17th and lasts to Sunday, September 19th.

The third annual conference—the only one of its kind in the United States—is expanding this year to include all individual in both AA and NA as well as other recovery programs. The Round Up will contain over 20 recovery related workshops.

"Bound By Serenity" is designed so that people who live the Leather/SM/Fetish lifestyle as well as those that wish to investigate what the lifestyle is about can do so in conjunction with their individual recovery program.

The Round Up organizers hope the added time for socializing and "play" will help to form new friendships between Leather/SM/Fetish folks from around the country.

Those wishing more information can write:

L/SM Round Up
POBox 425547
San Francisco, CA 94142-5547

Or may call our 24 hour hotline at:
(415) 764-2990
and leave message.

SCSU Women's studies conference will discuss ways to overcome Race, Gender and Class differences

Southern Connecticut State University's Women's Studies Program will hold its Third Annual Conference, "Women building Community: Crossing the boundaries of Race, Religion, Class, Gender..." on Saturday and Sunday, October 2 and 3 in New Haven, CT. The conference, which is expected to attract over 300 women in many fields from across the country and Canada, has been expanded to two days this year. It will include five concurrent sessions of 6 to 10 events per session, covering such topics as

women and literature, incest, fat oppression, women and science, women's health, and feminist finance.

Keynote speakers for the event are Patricia Hill Collins and Anne Barstow. Collins, author of *Black Feminist Thought: Knowledge, Consciousness, and the Politics of Empowerment* and co-editor of *Race, Class, and Gender: An Anthology*, is an Associate Professor of African-American Studies at the University of Cincinnati. Her talk, "The Gendered Politics of Racism and Nationalism," will open the conference on October 2 at 9 a.m.

Barstow, author of *Joan of Arc: Heretic, Mystic, Shaman*, is a retired professor of history from SUNY College in Old Westbury. She is active in Witness for Peace, a human rights organization focused on Central America. Her new book, *Witchcraze: A New History of the European Witch Hunts* will be released in November. Her talk, "Women Overcoming Violence: A Global Change," will close the conference on October 3 at 11:00 a.m.

Feminist performers Cris Williamson and Tret Fure, with special guest Deidre McCalla, will appear in concert on October 2 8 p.m. in SCSU's Lyman Center auditorium as part of the conference. Williamson, a major figure in women's music, has performed at Carnegie Hall and her album *The Changer and the Changed* remains one of the top selling independent releases of all time. Fure, who has opened for such acts as the J. Giles band, Yes, and Poco has toured across the U.S., Canada and Russia promoting her most recent album, *Time Turns the Moon*. McCalla, hailed as a preeminent urban singer-songwriter with uncompromising vision, recently released her third album, *Everyday Heroes & Heroines*. A \$12 ticket for the concert is included in each conference registration. Tickets can also be purchased separately for \$10, \$12, \$15 by calling (203) 397-4435.

Held in conjunction with the conference will be a Women's Fair on October 1 from 10a.m. to 4p.m. and October 2 from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. The Fair is cruelty-free and will feature women-owned businesses, women-oriented services, women-made products, women's advocacy groups, and women-centered political organizations.

Wheelchair accessibility for persons with disabilities will be provided, as well as sign interpretation for the hearing impaired at keynote events and the performance. For additional support or information please contact Debbie Fuchs at (203) 397-7020.

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TV/TS TAPESTRY, the magazine by and about cross-dressers, transgenderists, and transsexuals. Articles describing personal experiences, transgendered individuals and groups, and material by helping professionals. News from and about support groups, reference section of helping professionals, support groups, publications, and BBSs. Single issue \$12, four-issue subscription \$40, priority mail \$55, foreign \$55. Tapestry, POBox 367, Wayland, MA 01778

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bers you need to send \$1 per letter to have it forwarded for postage or send IRC's to cover postage.

This is a very genuine club run by very genuine people. You must be an Adult. You must be genuine. You must reply to every letter you get even if only to say a polite 'Sorry, not interested.' If someone takes the trouble to write to you it is only polite to reply.

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We are looking forward to more member friends from the USA.

If you would like to know more about Shades Club, send \$2 to cover postage for details sent via airmail, to: SHADES POBox 8 (H. H.) Romford, RM3 8EY England

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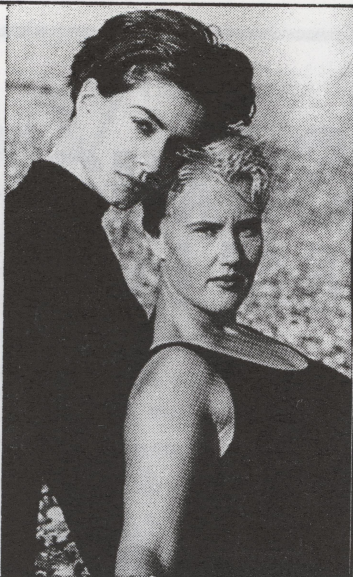
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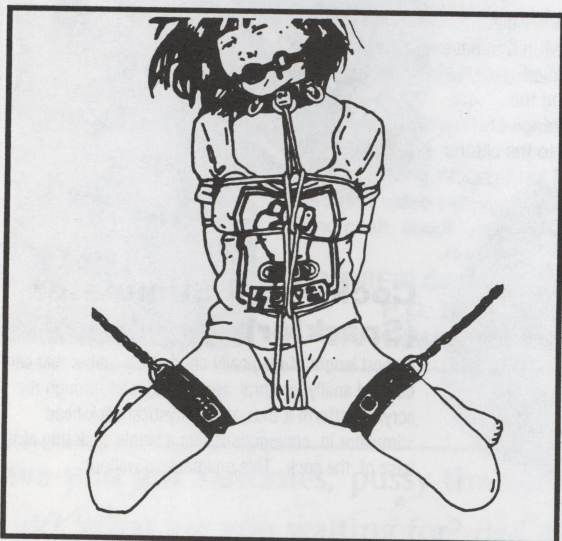
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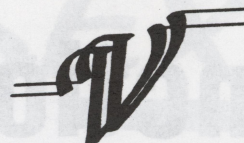
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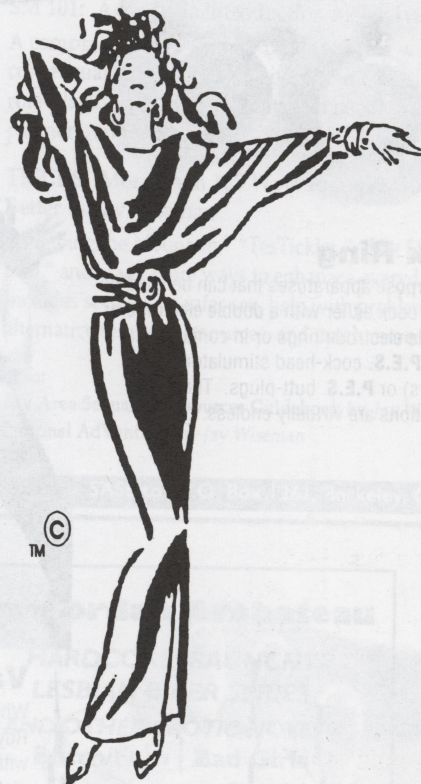
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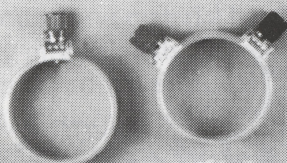
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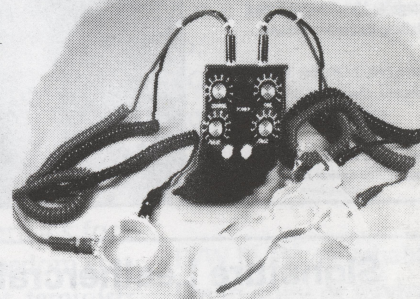
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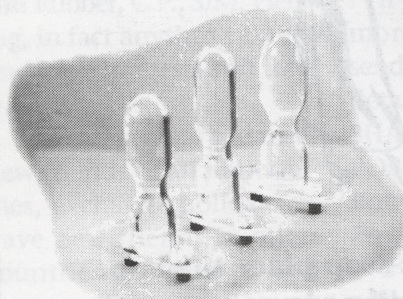
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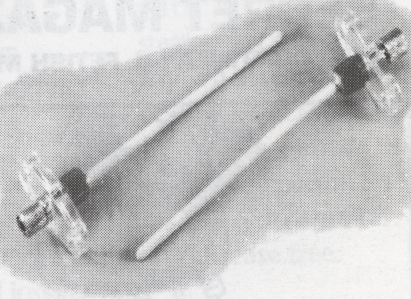
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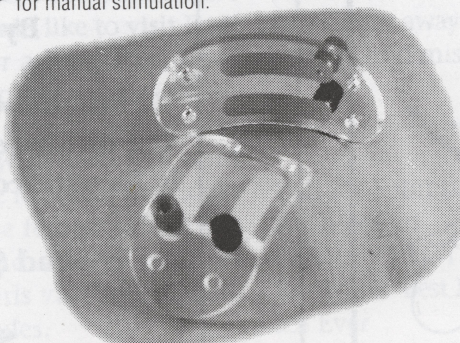
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